

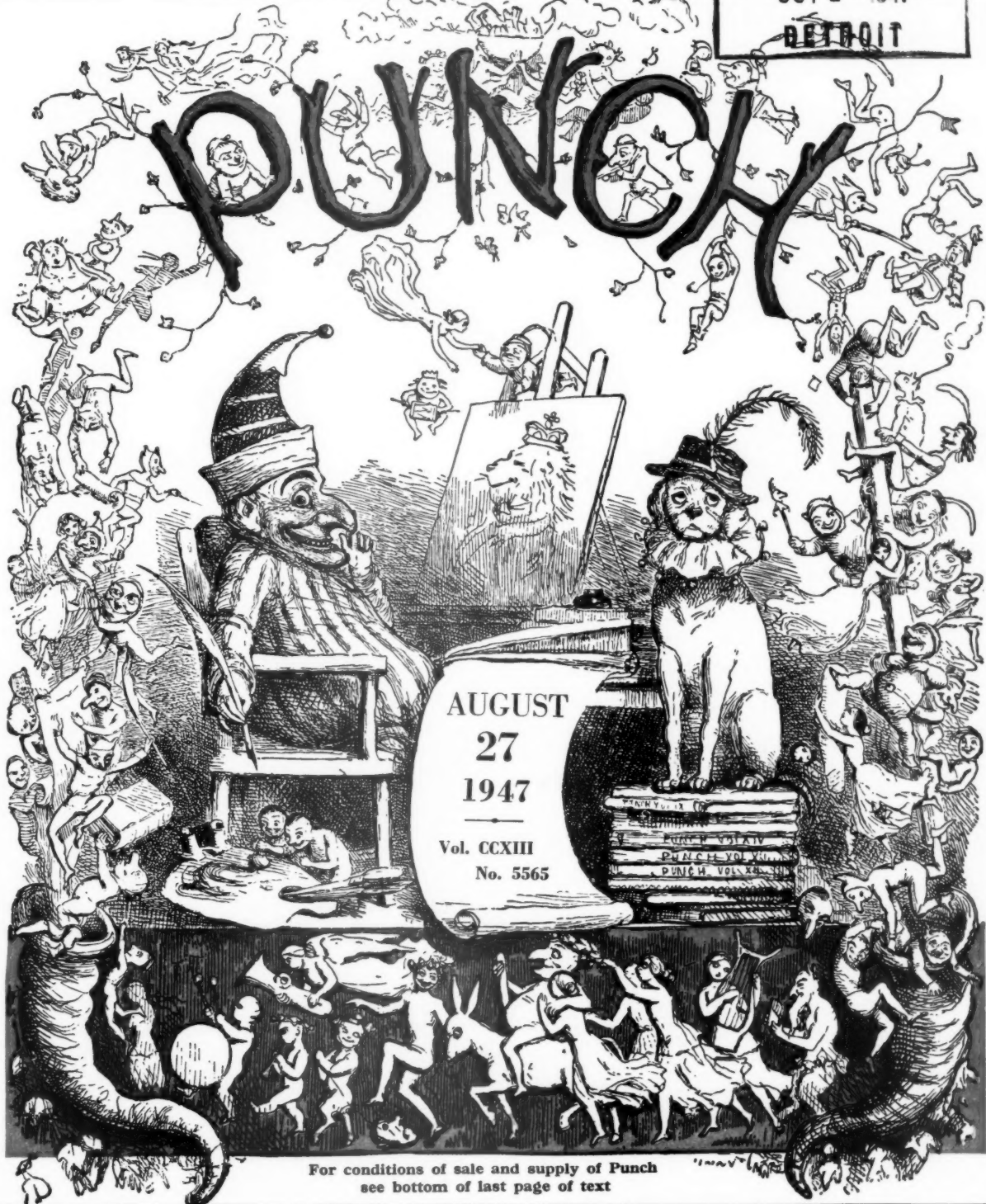
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OCT 1 1947

DETROIT



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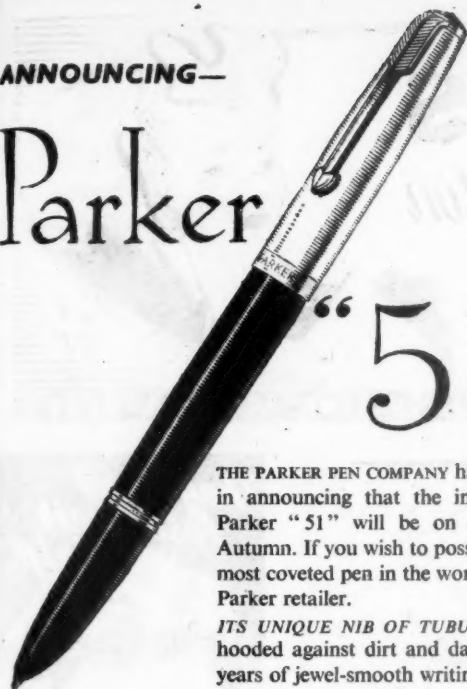
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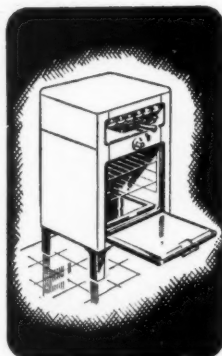


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CONNOISSEUR



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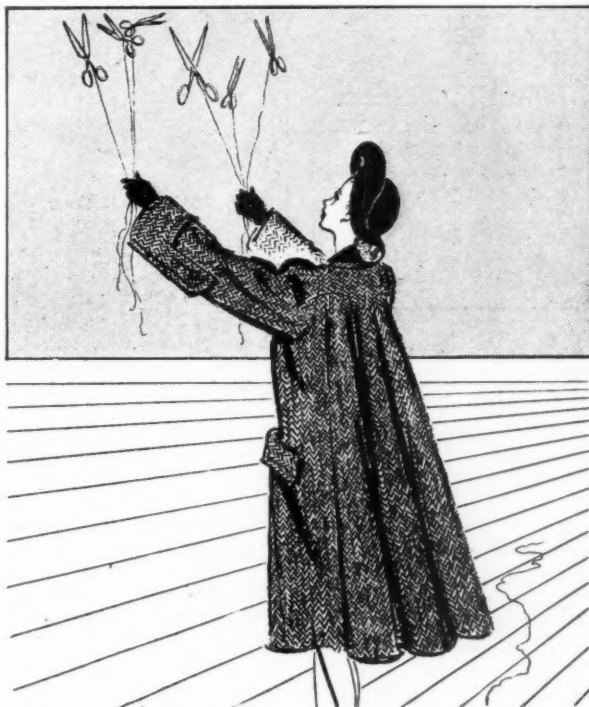
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**DEPRESSION CENTRED
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perhaps they haven't heard of
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TAKE the choicest leaf; let it be blended by methods truly tested over 177 years of experience; exclude all artificial flavouring... and there you have a fragrant tobacco for pipe or cigarette such as makes other men say 'Ah, John Cotton — lucky fellow!'

- ★ John Cotton Tobacco Nos. 1 & 2 - 4/6 an oz.
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for men A really excellent choice for Town or Country wear. They are 'good' shoes, well made and the leather is first class. Prices? - surprisingly reasonable for these days.



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shoulder line
and...*

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GOLD MEDAL
EAU DE COLOGNE

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Lacquered Charm



Precision timepieces, encased in walnut and decorated by hand with exquisite designs in lacquer. The clock (above) stands twelve and a half inches high, and is fitted with an eight-day lever movement, £57. 15. 0 (carriage extra). The smaller clock in a modern design is an electric model, running on 200-250 volts A/C and costing £12 (Postage 1/2).

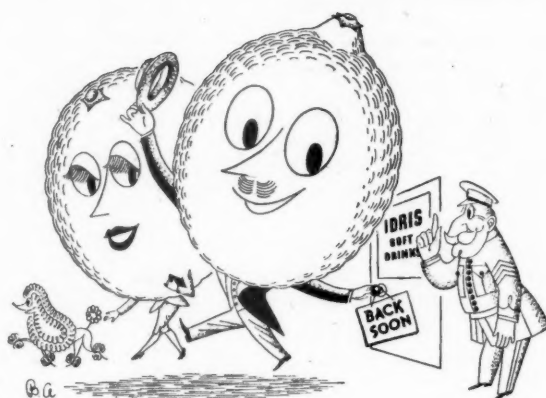
Clocks, Ground Floor.

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*the
quality soft drink*

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It's the genuine fleece inside that makes Morlands Sheepskin Boots and Slippers so easy-going on a long road or so right for feet that need rest.

Morlands
MADE IN ENGLAND
AT GLASTONBURY

Morlands

WOOLLY SHEEPSKIN FOOTWEAR



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXIII No. 5565

August 27 1947

Charivaria

"On a recent hot day a plague of ants invaded my garden," says a Frinton correspondent. The obvious thing to do was to take advantage of the conditions and have a picnic on the lawn.

It is suggested that pictures of Cabinet Ministers should be posted on the hoardings instead of slogans. Small boys would soon give the Fuel Minister an idea of what type of moustache would suit him best.



A 29-year-old parrot has just laid its twenty-second egg. The event is being talked about all over the cage.

Stampeding cows disorganized traffic in a London street. Pedestrians soothed an alarmed milk roundsman who showed signs of bolting with his barrow.

Open the Gête, Rachel!

"Bank Holiday, Aug. 4th—Wookey Hole Women's Institute. A Farden Gête will be opened by Miss Rachel S——, at 3 p.m." *Somerset paper.*

It is urged that meals without meat served once a week would also mean a big saving in fuel for cooking. It looks as if we are about to go through the cold hot-dog days.

So many British politicians are now outside the country that some of them ought to spot the crack the U.S. loan ran out of.

Ingenious Suggestion

"After making an inquiry at Yarmouth Corporation Housing Department's Hall Quay office yesterday afternoon a young man picked up a chair, broke one of the windows and then ran away.

'By the time we got round the counter he had disappeared,' one of the staff said afterwards. He added that the man was apparently dissatisfied with the answer to his query."

"Eastern Daily Press."

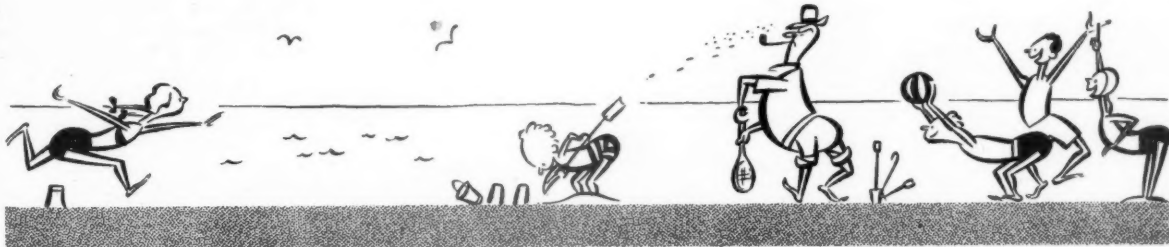


A recently opened restaurant in a suburban district was formerly the local hatter's. Most of its patrons agree that on the whole it was a rather better hatter's when it was a hatter's.

"... He had been flying at 20,000 ft., and when he fully awoke, the altitude meter showed 16,000 ft., and there was a mountain peak ahead 19,000 ft. high. He said this afternoon."—*Daily paper.*

A very mild remark in the circumstances.

Sand used on the wicket in a county match was thought to be partly responsible for the batsmen's very small score. We have repeatedly noticed this in beach cricket.



The Battle

HER fortress now in dust,
Laid open to the raider;
In Greed she put her trust
And Sloth betrayed her.
Who shall give Peace a sword
Of shimmering power
To hold, to fight, to ward
In her lone hour?

Now the old enemy Dearth
Long bound in fancy's prison
Walks the familiar earth,
The Shadow has risen:
Where is the trumpet call,
The strong word spoken,
To bring Peace to the wall
Herself has broken?

Eyes rubbed too late from sleep,
Long time from toil a stranger,
Who shall bring Peace to keep
Her watch of danger?
Who shall give Peace a sword
For her defending
That gains for sole reward
The fight unending?

EVOR.

o o

The Public

NO one who has watched two people at a restaurant steering their teacups round two copies of the same newspaper can deny that here is a phenomenon worth a moment's reflection. These two people are complete strangers—though, I admit, they may equally well be very old friends who have given up talking—but their eyes are (for the sake of the argument) on two identical pieces of print, and through their minds is flashing an identical thought: that their tea is too hot and they haven't got their bills. They are, in fact, two striking examples of that great body of opinion, the newspaper public, which is one of the publics I want to deal with to-day; another being the radio public, with which I think I shall begin.

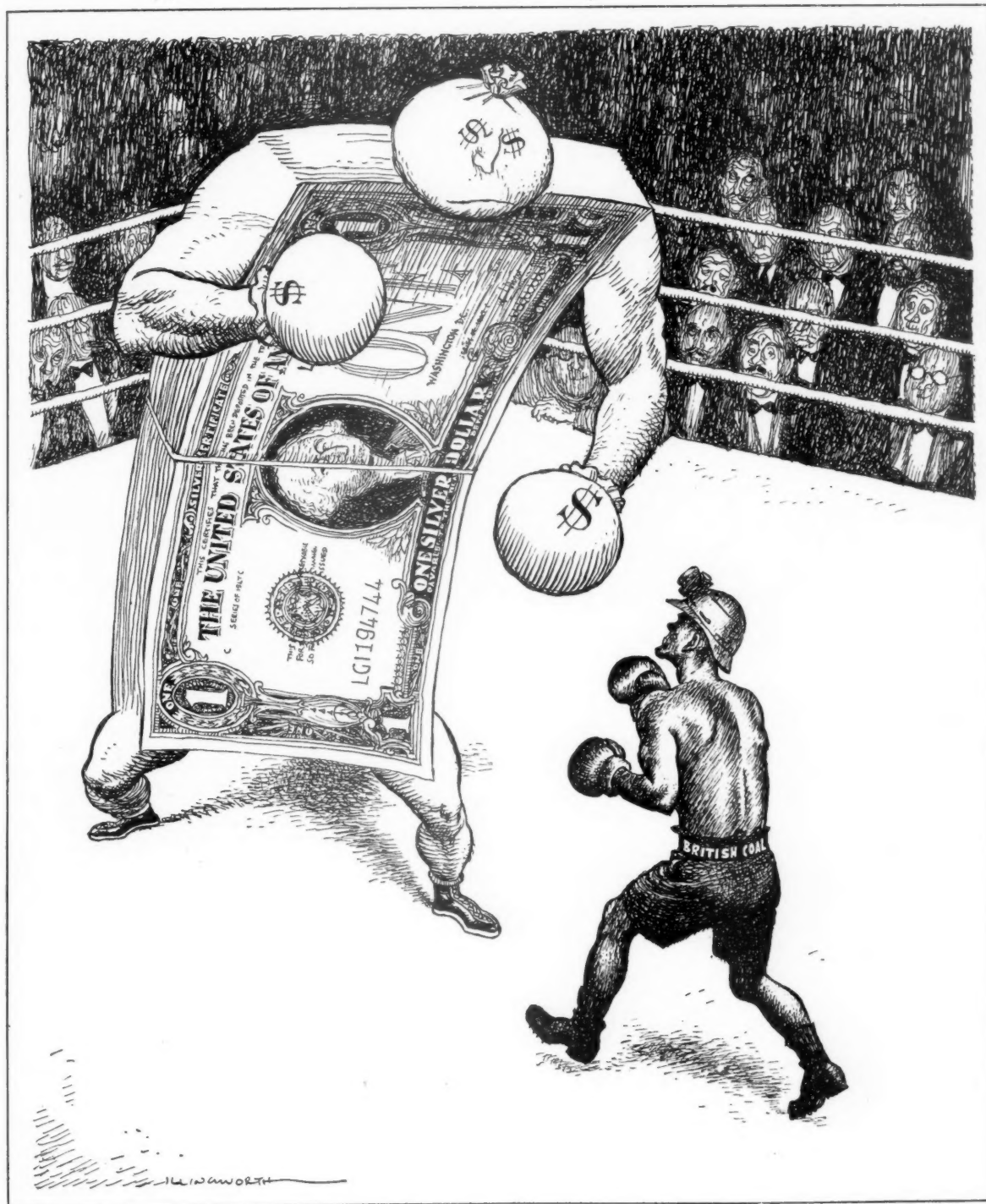
The radio public is perhaps the most varied of all, ranging as it does from those who like to have it in the kitchen and not turn it on while they get the breakfast to those who sit intermittently hunched over it, getting asked why on earth they want to listen to that noise and explaining patiently that the cricket commentary is due in one minute; and it is on radio's cricket public that I shall concentrate now. Besides these tendencies to over-punctuality and patience, involving many a light orchestra it would never otherwise have met, this public has some very marked characteristics which often make the rest of the household think hopefully of the coming football season. (The fact that the very people who listen to cricket in the summer are the people who listen to football in the winter makes no difference.) One of these characteristics is the way the listeners go on listening when talked to; not rudely, not telling the talkers to shut up, but just going on not

answering until the talkers suddenly realize and put things right by saying how sorry they are and asking what the score is and if there is any corrugated paper in the house. (There is a rule, psychologically interesting but inexplicable, that when once the listeners realize that everyone knows what they are listening to, they are morally bound to answer, however abruptly.) These listeners tend to sit before, rather than beside, their wireless sets, to tune into the wrong programme first, to suspect all clocks in the house and to be counted out of community life for whole days together when Test Matches are happening. I do not need to say that during such matches they reach a height of fervour which communicates itself to its surroundings, so that you get the most unlikely people coming up to ask the score quite intelligently, I mean in a way that shows they knew who was batting yesterday.

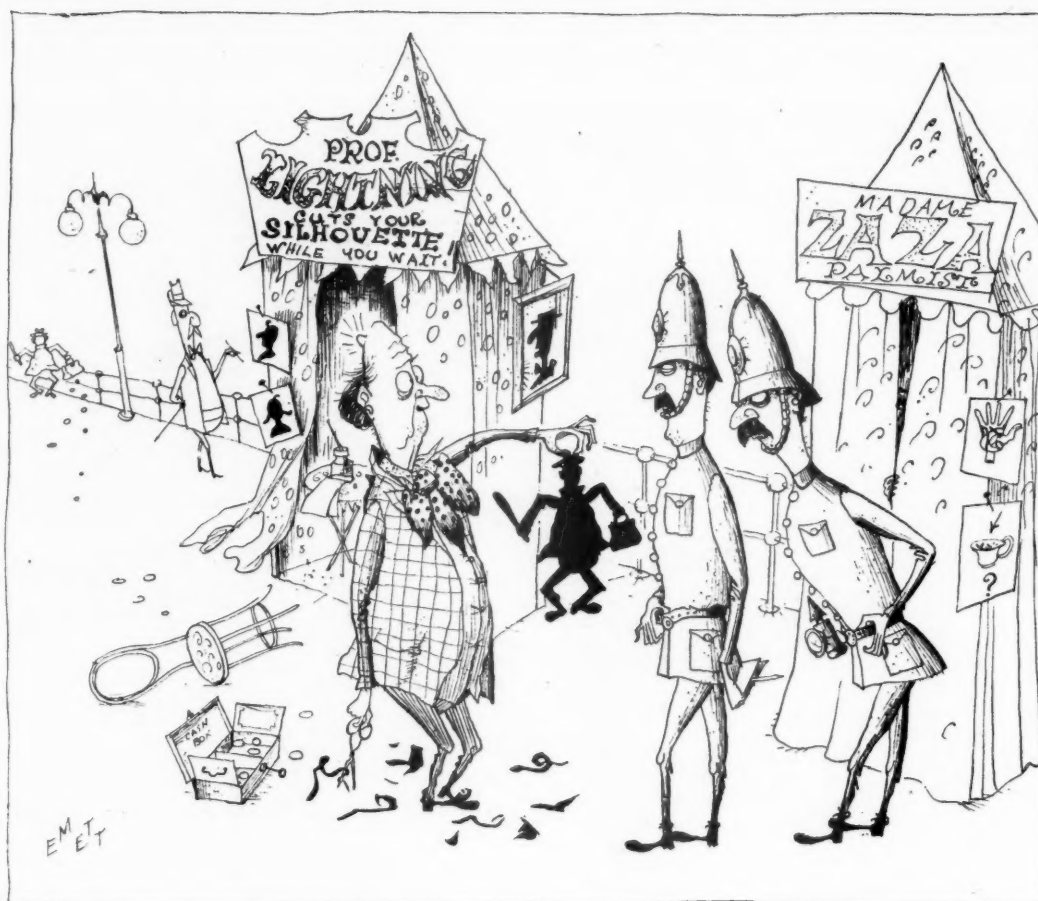
MENTION of unlikely types brings me to the newspaper public and to that strange, little-talked-about section I should like to mention—those people who, though old enough to be disqualified, find themselves breathlessly following the adventures of two little moles in braces or whatever animals their daily paper deals in. The fact that because of the newspaper shortage no two little moles in braces can have much of an adventure in a day's instalment makes their unfolding panorama all the more exciting; there, each morning, is their eager public, hunting up the pictures and trying to interest the others and not getting any sympathy. But sometimes they meet a fellow-enthusiast, and sociologists say that this sort of meeting beats even the mutual discovery of two people owning musical boxes.

The musical box, by the way, has its own public; often accidentally come by (for so many musical boxes are inherited, by which I mean unnoticed to begin with) but bound together by the well-known effect of the musical box on human nature. This depends entirely on the occasion; for a musical box can only play what is expected of it, and it is a queer sidelight on our make-up that when people are feeling bright they enjoy expected sounds, and when they are not they hate them. (Readers who doubt this have only to think how unfair they are sometimes to striking clocks.) Thus it is that no musical box has ever twanged through "Annie Laurie" without considerably increasing the emotional vibrations of its surroundings, besides taking a dreadfully long time over it.

GOING back to the radio public, I want to say something about the Third Programme; I know that an awful lot has been said already, but not perhaps enough about the considerable stratum between those who listen like mad to all of it and those who have only heard of it through the jokes it evokes on other programmes. This stratum consists of nice, normal people who are keen enough on culture, I mean intolerant enough of musical comedy medleys, and who got awfully excited about having another programme with good stuff all the time on purpose, but who don't seem to have got much further than asking what's on there, and then saying, "Oh, and what else?" Psychologists believe that one reason for the Third Programme's failure to grip this stratum of the public is the fact that when it started it said it was not going to bother too much about being a few minutes late here and there, and that for anything so official as the B.B.C. not to mind about being late strikes at the public's very roots of its attitude to officialdom. How, these psychologists ask, would we feel if the Victoria and Albert Museum announced that it might close five minutes after what the notice-board says? The answer—that the people outside wouldn't care, and that the people inside would get out in time anyway



THE BLACK HOPE



"Fortunately I was able to get his likeness before he ran away."

so as to make sure—does not help, but readers will see the point. Another reason may, of course, be that the Third Programme frightens normal people by playing chamber music as ordinary programmes play the cinema organ, to indicate a slackening of tension.

FINALLY, a few words on some lesser-known sections of the sporting public. Chess and billiards publics have never had much publicity. Newspaper reporters find them good for a few humorous lines and then move on to the actual players; but I want to take them from the point of view of people who have never been to a chess or billiards match and therefore have an entirely imaginary picture of these publics. The chess public is generally imagined as a quiet crowd standing round some little tables, with the back people on tiptoe and the front people very self-conscious because they are so near the stage as to be being seen by the players as well as seeing them; and, in theory, no one talking, which in practice would mean some inaudible whispering. As it is a rule of life that when other people whisper to us they do it incredibly audibly, it is difficult to imagine how the whispering side of a chess public is carried on, or even the shuffling side; but it must be all right or everyone would have been thrown out long

ago. The billiards public presents to the mind's eye what I can only describe as a dismal picture; a lot of people sitting round some gloomy benches (the only light being the one over the table) and getting hit by the thick ends of the cues. It is probable, however, that things are made a bit cheerier than this, or no one would pay to go in and there would be no professional players; and everyone knows that there are professional billiards players, because they are all famous.

But perhaps the sporting public we know least of all about is the croquet public; for no one outside has any idea whether the public at a croquet championship is the same every year or just the same sort—that is, made up of enthusiasts who start worrying for sandwiches the night before, or of ordinary people who differ from other ordinary people only in the lengths they have gone in following up a sudden whim to do something whimsical.

Keeping Them Out of Mischief

"As His Excellency's party pulls away burglars stationed at the end of the breakwater will sound the 'Hausa Farewell'."

Gold Coast paper.

Morning Glory

I AM charming to-day. Nobody could help liking me on sight to-day. I have a smile for all. My children get a charming good-bye kiss on the tops of their heads as they thrash about messily in their little porringers.

Why am I so charming to-day? I do not know, and there is going to be no sudden explanation in the last line of this article. There is going to be no explanation at all. There is no explanation.

Yesterday I hated the milkman standing in the courtyard of the flats with his cartload of bottles, scribbling sourly in his officious little book, doling out our calories with a niggard hand and speaking coarsely to his horse. But to-day I greet him with comradeship in my voice. I like him. I sympathize with him. I see to-day that it is no fun being a milkman, with all those stairs to climb, those notes stuck in the necks of bottles, those rejected eggs reeking plaintively in their saucers on every landing. And yet he is the same milkman. It is I who am changed. I remember with remorse that I failed to return his greeting yesterday morning, and freely forgive him for not returning mine to-day. He does not feel charming this morning. He wishes he did, no doubt, and I feel his envious eyes upon me as I stride off with a cheery wave to the boy in the newspaper kiosk.

The slow, grey-haired lady who got in my way yesterday as I began my descent of the station steps is there again this morning, carrying the same heavy little bag; she steps aside to let me pass, recognizing me and recalling my brief request to her of the morning before. I do not pass her, but take the heavy little bag and carry it down, placing it charmingly on the platform. I smile away her thanks. She watches me gratefully as I cross to the old gentleman who is trying to get book-matches out of a slot-machine. His penny is too thin, I tell him. I have a thick one. There, let us try that, eh? I am feeling strong enough to shake a slot-machine, to kick it, to try other pennies, to prove that there are no longer any matches in it—as there are not. I do not merely offer the old gentleman a light, I strike the match for him. Then I slip the whole box into his pocket with a smile, and walk off without giving my name. Charming.

In the train I secure a corner seat. I sit down in it delightfully, and study some sort of plant in a pot on the

opposite rack. The girl who has come in too late to secure a seat puts her knitting-bag on the rack beside the plant, and the man next to me springs up before I can offer her my seat. This is disappointing. Nothing is quite so charming as a seat gracefully given up to a lady. But the man, who is mean-looking, does not know this. He has only sprung up to safeguard his property. "Mind my plant!" he cries rudely, seizing it angrily and sitting down again with it in his lap.

The girl looks uncomfortable, and I rise at once. "You had better sit down," I say, with a whimsical chuckle and a glance at the mean-looking man—"before you do any more damage." She does. She understands. Everybody understands. I give the man with the plant another look. So does everyone else in the compartment. Then they all look at me. I can feel them. They think I am charming.

I am glad that my suit is well brushed, my clean shirt-cuff showing a quarter of an inch. There must be nothing amiss with the appearance of a man enjoying the silent admiration of eleven people. I lean gracefully against the window. I am confident. My hat is right. My suspenders are reassuringly taut.

Deaf to the grumblings of the man with the plant I allow the ladies to leave the compartment first at Waterloo. The girl who has enjoyed my hospitality for sixteen minutes gives me a shyly worshipping glance as she slips past. Good manners breed good manners, it seems. There is less jostling to-day as I make my way along to the barrier. A charming man appears to escape some of those urgent shovings from behind. It is very satisfying. I shall try to be charming always.

I prepare a word of bonhomie for the ticket-collector. A wretched job his, muttering ten thousand thank-yous an hour and never a one in return. To-day I shall thank him. I may even ask if he has been for his holidays yet. Yesterday he made me excavate my season-ticket from an inside pocket containing a sharp and concealed nail-file. But I forgive him.

Even Whipple, who overtakes me halfway to the barrier, shall be forgiven for being Whipple. I usually evade him by hiding behind luggage, but to-day I throw him a smile intended to make him feel that he is as good as I am. He asks me whether it is warm enough for me. I laugh and reply suitably. I even say "You look as if

you have caught the sun," and laugh again when he flashes "It has caught me." He has been working a lot in the garden. I am fascinated as he tells me about it. We are a jolly pair.

"By the way," he says, as we slow down a little for the barrier, "there's a splodge of something in the middle of your back, did you know?"

"A splodge?"

"Looks like porridge," says Whipple twisting ahead of me through the barrier.

"All seasons, hurry up there, please," bawls the ticket-collector, and bars my way insultingly.

The swine!

J. B. B.

Psongs for Psychiatrists

Emulous Emily or The Case of the
Comparative Bohemian

I AM the youngest of us all,
And really, in a sense,
The most intensely musical
And vitally intense.

Our home-life was a soulless load
Of all that's most provoking.
We lived in Abbotsbury Road,
And went to school in Woking.

Our mistresses preached Self-control
And governed by Repression.
I had no contacts for the Soul
Or scope for Self-expression.

Till my Libido—Kate suspects—
Electrified, by letter,
The man who works the Sound
Effects
At Putney Hill Theatre.

* * * * *

Our parents never had the grace
To hide their bourgeois strain.
They thought the Ballet out of place,
Except at Drury Lane.

Our childhood was a cultural void—
Strait-laced and highly strung.
They didn't even read us Freud
When we were very Jung.

We tried to key our lives in tune
With artists whom we met;
And Jane got off with a Bassoon,
And Kate with a Quintet,

And Pamela with Poushnikoff.
Then why 've I not done better
Than Alf, who makes the Noises Off
At Putney Hill Theatre? P. B.

The Proceedings at No Stage

(AFTER reading Mr. Nigel Balchin's "kind of super-play," *Lord, I Was Afraid*, just published by Collins at 12/6.)

The scene is a grocer's shop, which has also points of resemblance with a mediaeval astrologer's cave. A stuffed crocodile hangs above the cash-register. There are piles of variously-shaped tins, each inscribed with a sign of the Zodiac. What appears at first to be the bacon-slicer is a miniature rotary printing-press; the bottles on the "wine" shelves look more like chemists' bottles.

Enter three POST OFFICE ENGINEERS, carrying tools and coils of wire.

FIRST ENGINEER. Well, this is a dump. Pardon me calling this joint a dump.

SECOND ENGINEER. That's Vic Oliver's crack.

THIRD ENGINEER (looking round). Do you know what all this reminds me of? Reminds me of a book I been reading.

FIRST ENGINEER. Twopenny book?

SECOND ENGINEER. Sixpenny book?

THIRD ENGINEER. Twelve-and-sixpenny book. *Lord, I Was Afraid*, by Nigel Balchin.

FIRST ENGINEER. What, a book in stiff covers? (To SECOND ENGINEER.) We got a highbrow in our midst. (To THIRD ENGINEER.) What's it about?

THIRD ENGINEER. Well—what I mean, it's all sort of symbolic. There's these seven characters, see: types. And they get into different sort of situations. It all goes from 1926 and ends up in the future, and covers everything.

Enter a LITERARY CRITIC with a typewriter.

LITERARY CRITIC (rapid, staccato, with a tapping effect). Mr. Balchin's range is enormous. He sets out to deal with the whole problem of his own generation. (A small bell rings.)

THIRD ENGINEER. That's right. And these seven different types: one is a chap keen on plain facts, see—

DISEMBODIED VOICE (booming). The sense of smell is keen in kiwis, that of touch in snipe, and that of taste in parrots.

The ENGINEERS and the LITERARY CRITIC put their heads together and sing in chorus.

CHORUS.
Oh, we ain't got kiwis,
We ain't got snipe,
And we ain't got parrots—
Slope—HIPE!



"How about one for the road?"

THIRD ENGINEER. Yes, then the war comes into it.

A loud crack of thunder. Enter a GIRL, carrying a shopping-basket.

GIRL. Oh, have you heard it too? I was told it in strict confidence. But it's only sense to try to get ahead of everybody else, isn't it? I wonder whether it really is going to be rationed.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

RUMOUR (chattily). I'm painted full of tongues, y'know.

FIRST ENGINEER (behind his hand). Couldn't let us have one, I suppose? Haven't seen a nice tongue since the latter 'alf of 1940.

THIRD ENGINEER. That reminds me—you ought to see some of the puns in this book. Cor! Give you pause, they would.

The SECOND ENGINEER gets some tools out of his bag, pushing RUMOUR aside.

SECOND ENGINEER. We been given pause long enough. Has it slipped your memory, comrades, that we are here to facilitate the establishment of a form of telephonic communication?

FIRST ENGINEER (as preacher). True. We have a Message.

SECOND ENGINEER (as gardener). Aye, zur, that be zo. We be waterin' the roots of Truth. We be manurin' the zoil of—

THIRD ENGINEER. But there are so many ways of communicating one's message. We represent one.

LITERARY CRITIC (staccato, as before). Eliot—Čapek—Auden and Isherwood—very strong flavour of Joyce. (Bell rings.) And some of the radio people—Louis MacNeice. Michael Barsley. (Bell rings.)

The GIRL and RUMOUR go out of the shop, deep in conversation.

THIRD ENGINEER. Some of the other ways might work—straightforward allegory—

DISEMBODIED VOICE (booms.) Boring.

THIRD ENGINEER. Irony—

DISEMBODIED VOICE. They take it dead seriously. They send you indignant letters.

THIRD ENGINEER. Plain narrative, clever characterization—

DISEMBODIED VOICE. They see nothing but the story. They never get your message at all.

THIRD ENGINEER. Satire—

DISEMBODIED VOICE. They just laugh at the cracks at other people. They never recognize themselves.

THIRD ENGINEER. So there you are—a good man is tempted into the labels-and-loudspeakers racket. They get some of it because it's obvious; the rest is over their heads and that flatters them.

The stuffed CROCODILE's jaws open and it speaks in a deep voice.

CROCODILE. Don't forget the taboos. Taboo or not taboo, that is the question. Come where taboos is cheaper!

FIRST ENGINEER (as Jimmy Durante). Every-buddy wantsta get inta de act!

SECOND ENGINEER. As for me, I shall spend the afternoon quietly greying at the temples.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

R. M.

Jung



"... and importation of this commodity is to be reduced immediately from 3 million pounds weekly to a total of 16,500 tons in the next three months."



Now what's 16,500 by 2,240 divided by 13, subtracted from 3 million, multiplied by 100 and divided by 3 million?



It's 50 per cent.!!



Merciful heavens, what CAN you say about a Government that can only get out of its difficulties by making catastrophic cuts of 50 per cent.?!!!



Wait a minute, though, it isn't 50 per cent., is it?



16,500 ... 13 ... 2,240 ... 15 ... no, it isn't—



it's only 5 per cent.!!!!



Merciful heavens, what CAN you say about a Government that tries to get out of its difficulties by making beggarly little cuts of 5 per cent.?!!!!!!!

Matters in Suspense

A Study in Time and Motion

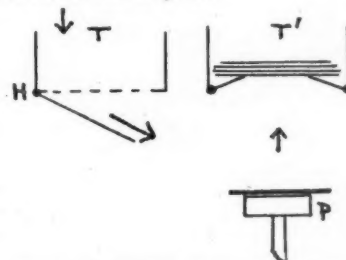
ANYONE who has ever owned a desk with "In" and "Out" trays will know how a sort of sludgy deposit, consisting of problems not susceptible of immediate solution, tends to accumulate at the bottom of the tray marked "In." One can accept this fact without necessarily crediting the story of the official in the Passport Renewals Department who, having upset his tray of passports on to the floor, picked up one of them at random and found to his embarrassment that its first page began with the words: "We, Henry John, Viscount Palmerston . . ." The precise degree of antiquity of the lowest stratum of the In-tray must vary according to the individual; the point is that this stratum exists, and must inevitably exist under the prevailing system whereby incoming documents are dropped into the tray in the order in which they arrive. For by the operation of a simple but inexorable law we find that what goes in last comes out first.

This state of affairs of course has long been a matter of concern to all thoughtful tray-users, and some of the best brains in the country have sought in vain for a remedy. The method,

supposed to have been initiated by Samuel Pepys and still in use in some departments of the Admiralty, of causing the contents of all In-trays to be thoroughly stirred with a pudding-stick at three-monthly intervals is now acknowledged to be merely a palliative which does not strike at the root of the trouble. It has been left to an obscure Scots mechanic, by name William McOstrich, to give to the world the means of circumventing, by a simple and ingenious device, the innate coagulatory tendency of tray-borne documents.

Mr. McOstrich's invention will be best understood by reference to the accompanying diagram. The incoming letter, file, memorandum or what-not is dropped in the usual way into the tray T. The bottom of this tray is hinged at H and swings down, causing the document to slide gently down on to the piston P. By means of an automatic switch operating a small reciprocating engine (the engine, for a variety of reasons, is not shown in the diagram) the piston then rises through the hinged trap-door in the bottom of a second tray, T'. The piston then withdraws, switching off the engine as it does so. A moment's thought will

show that the document so recently dropped into the tray T is now at the bottom of the tray T'.



It remains only to add that the tray T' incorporates a mechanism whereby any attempt to frustrate the object of the scheme by withdrawing a document from the bottom of the pile causes the hand to be seized in a saw-edged steel trap, while a concealed jet in the side of the tray directs a stream of blue-black ink into the face of the backslider, his chair collapses beneath him, and a coloured lantern-slide depicting Cecil Rhodes handing a bar of soap to a Zulu chieftain is projected on to the ceiling. The invention is already being produced on a small scale, and orders can be accepted from hard currency areas.



"I must say the menu looks pretty good."

Midsummer Madness

THERE is cool solace in the tone; and it is sweetly feminine. The words are sympathetic, and the accent soothes.

I listen as if under the influence of opium. I hear that haunting sigh again. It whispers: "Can I help you?"

Ah, if she only could! With ice placed on the back of the neck, and then moved slowly round the noddle. Or with a wet sponge shoved between my teeth as on the touch-line at a Soccer match; followed by fanning, with a few yards of chiffon. Pale hands could loosen my collar, or, better, take it right off and hang it up to dry. A cool, clean pillow would be welcome for me to rest my bursting head upon.

"Can I help you?" Her voice is far away. I am delirious. Wherever I look I can see only glass. Or is that the effect of some four-sided mirage. Ah, but it is glass. It is hot to touch. The Black Hole of Calcutta should have been framed with glass and sited under the noon-day sun.

In torment I force the door a little open with my elbow, then try to wedge it with my foot. I struggle to get my head towards fresh air without losing contact with that profoundly understanding voice. It wafts again from the impenetrable ether, just as the night nurse sounds when you come round after your operation. You lie there stirring painfully and her inquiry penetrates your dream-world like that of some imaginary girl in muslin who floats past you in the desert waving you hail and farewell.

I try to reply insistently. She cannot hear me. Ah, I

am dying then. And they will never find me here. My mouth opens and closes like that of a fish in a drained-dry aquarium. The simplest squeak forced from my parched lips is not heard or understood.

All I hear is that voice for the last time sighing: "I cannot help you if you will not press Button B."

I stumble out into the broiling day, my thumb already bruised through pressing Button B. I meet a friend who mutters in surprise: "Hullo! You been away? My, you have caught the sun!"

"I have spent twenty minutes trying," I say, "to book lunch for to-morrow at my golf club."

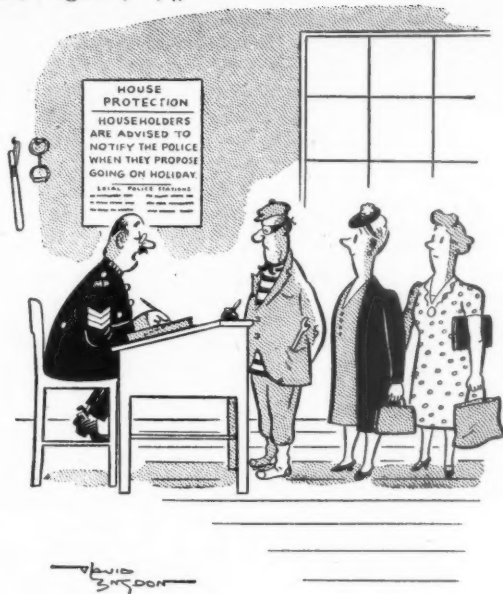
H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

I HAVE composed this Belle-Lettre in a tragic and heartrending style, it having occurred to me in the kindness of my heart that by so writing I shall make the other contributions to this issue seem even merrier than they are. Here, then, is a Sadsome Tale.

In the paddock at Epsom stood Convent Belle, sleekly preening herself as an ostler rubbed her down with a wisp of straw. The smell of cigar smoke, the rustle of banknote and bearer bond, the coarse cries from Tattersall's Ring and the Royal Enclosure formed the background that she loved. She was proud of her primacy among British blood-stock and proud to be chosen so frequently to appear at the leading racecourses. Of course if she had been running at some one-day meeting in Potter's Bar or Enfield North she would still have done her best: she was a good trouper. But to have reached the top of the tree, to have her own horse-box and not to share—who can blame her for feeling an honest glow of pride? [Not I for one.—Ed. Nor I for another.—SUB-ED.] There was only one cloud on her horizon—her son, Luddite Lama.

While his mother was winning every blue riband of the Turf and building up a great position to which one day he might succeed, Luddite Lama lived with frigid respectability in a large meadow near Basingstoke. When between her triumphs she returned to lavish on him her love and wisdom, to teach him those little wrinkles which make all the difference between mediocrity and success, he received her with a disapproval that cut her to her quick, and obviously tolerated her company only from a sense of duty. When she ran by his side urging him to match his speed against hers he stood stockstill, or coldly turned his back as if he found her behaviour unbearably frivolous in a matron. Oh, hard-hearted Luddite Lama: oh, poor, rejected Convent Belle!

Every Wednesday the vicar's daughter, Sancta Pope-Bellamy, sandwiched Luddite Lama into her busy day, throwing a garland of mayweed over his neck and hauling him off for a constitutional. He looked forward keenly to these well-conducted visits to the outer world, modelling his opinions and bearing on one for whom he had the greatest respect. Even when she fed him with saccharin tablets from her reticule he appreciated the honour and manfully consumed the well-intentioned sweetmeats. No rider herself, Sancta sometimes wished that she could seat herself upon his back rather than having to trudge along below the level of his ears. This would have had the added advantage of tactfully avoiding his little acts of homage: the blossoms bitten from trees to deposit in her hair, the gusts of camaraderie blown down her neck. However, she persevered in her chosen task of saving a future favourite from his fate. There was another idea in Sancta's busy mind; if she gained the son, might she not



"On holiday September fourteenth to twenty-eighth. Right, sir. Next."

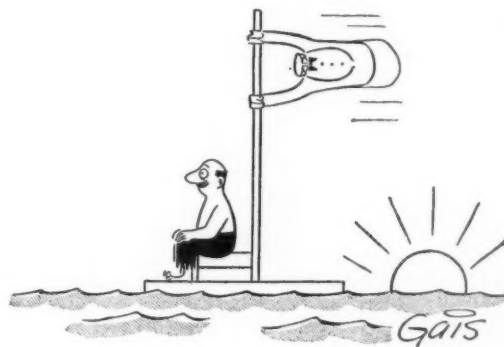
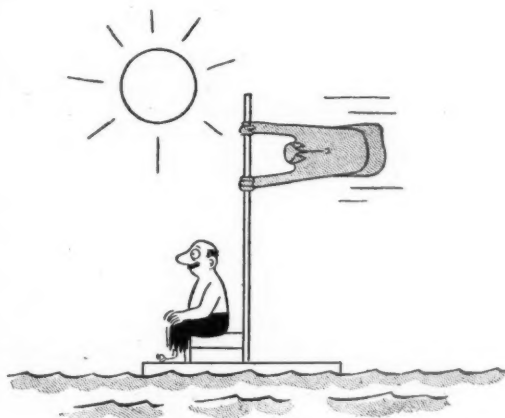
in time rescue the mother? That would indeed be a triumph.

This week their walk was across the golf-course. On the ninth green Sancta had paused to remonstrate with an evil-speaker in a pullover before proceeding towards the clubhouse, where she and Luddite Lama purposed some feats in the temperance cause, when suddenly there was a loud shout and up rushed Luddite Lama's owner, an avaricious gleam in either eye. "Your mother has won the Derby," he carolled, "and a rich baronet, Sir Alfie Pincheon, has bought you, hoping to find you a chip of the old block. He is running you in the Oaks. You must return at once." Luddite Lama nearly sank through the green with righteous horror. It had come at last. Never again would he go improving walks with Sancta: never again would he encourage the lambkins at their play or smile with wan approbation at the earnest and useful cows in the next field. As he returned home and waited for the morning of the race his revulsion grew stronger. Not one single

thought did he give to the joy his poor dear mother would feel. Right up to the time he dismounted from the cart in the paddock at Epsom his mind was filled with sneers and self-righteousness.

Sir Alfie Pincheon lounged across, inspected his teeth and bent to prod his ankles. "This horse will win," he said. "I bet £10 on him." Oh, how shyly proud Convent Belle was feeling! The day she had long hoped for had now arrived, and her darling Luddite Lama was ready to take over the torch from her. Aglow with maternal spirit she whinnied and nuzzled towards her son, but he coldly withdrew from her advances. The lessons he had learnt from Sancta steeled his resolution and showed him what to do. When the sound of the starting-gun signalled that the race was to commence the runners swept down the long track as fast as they could go. From the crowd on either hand rose happy and excited cries, but one name resounded more than all the others. "Luddite Lama for First." Here and there a cautious punter added "or Place," but the general verdict held him certain to win. Convent Belle could hardly restrain her excitement as she pushed her way through the spectators towards the rail by the winning post. But the icy rectitude of Luddite Lama was determined that those who by betting on him stood to gain money they had not rightly earned should learn their lesson. Deliberately he changed his pace from a gallop to a canter, from a canter to a trot, from a trot to a dignified walk. Although as the other horses came in sight, caught up and finally passed him his jockey vainly beat him with his whip, he grimly held to his purpose and passed the winning post a good five minutes after his rivals.

Suddenly a terrible cry rent the air. Her world falling about her in ruins, Convent Belle could no longer hide from herself the fact that all her hopes for her little one were in vain. There was nothing more to live for. As that stout heart rent in two and the lifeless form crashed to the ground Luddite Lama felt, too late, a pang of terrible remorse. "Little mother," he sobbed, "I promise to win in future." . . . But Sir Alfie Pincheon was not a man to give second chances. Finding no buyers among the racegoers around him, he had Luddite Lama led away, to be sold to the first bidder, a brewer's drayman. And now, as the penitent toils round from inn to inn, delivering barrels of good cheer and atoning, if only slightly, for the wrongs he has committed and the suffering he has caused, Sancta sometimes passes him and would fain win him back, but he shuns her, recognizing that she is too proud to shame and too tough to bite. Reader, weep for Convent Belle and for Luddite Lama—weep long, weep loud.



An Innocent in Britain

(Mr. Punch's special correspondent is on tour to find out how the land lies for visitors from overseas.)

XII—York, Yorks.

"WE are now crossing the border into Yorkshire," I announced, spacing my words to give a rich dramatic effect. "Yorkshire, the largest county in England, a county more than twice the size of its nearest rivals, Lincolnshire and Devonshire and . . ."

"Is it as big as Texas?" said Mrs. Upscheider.

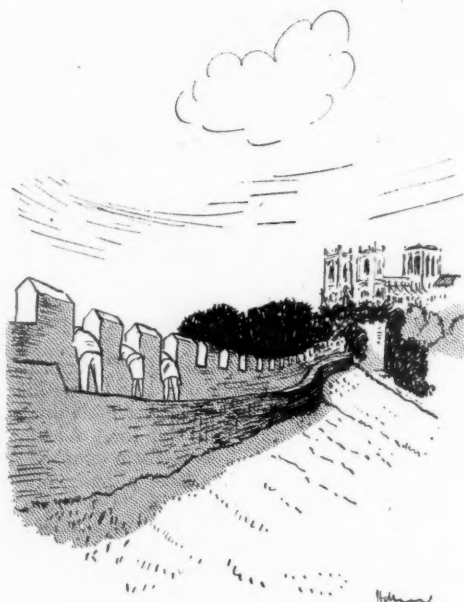
"Well, no," I said, "but there are many striking parallels

"Oh, yes," I said, "Yorkshire is a wonderful county, famed for its scenery, its industry, its sport . . ."

The stout man laughed and pushed his newspaper under Miss Franklin's nose.

"There," he said, "take a look at that. You'll see where Yorkshire stand in the County Championship table. See?"

And so it went on. The fellow ruined my preamble completely and remained to annoy me all the way to York. I need hardly say that he was wearing a red rose in his buttonhole.



"... the customary promenade of the walls . . ."

of latitude between Yorkshire and Texas, as I hope to demonstrate—"

"Excuse me," said the stout man in the corner seat, "but I think you should add, in all fairness, that Lancashire's population is larger than Yorkshire's."

I shot him a look bristling with daggers and smiled sweetly at my American friends.

"In all fairness," I said, "I should add that Yorkshire's population is slightly smaller than that of Lancashire. I repeat, however, that Yorkshire is easily the largest county in Britain."

"Which signifies precisely nothing," said the man. "Yorkshire's size is merely an accident of history, the freak result of its remoteness from London and Wessex. It just happened to be a chunk of the Danelaw that the Wessex kings didn't bother to carve up."

I must admit that this show of erudition shook me. I had always imagined that Yorkshire's broad acres were somehow a corollary of its greatness, and one does not take easily to disillusionment at my time of life. Rather pointedly, therefore, I ignored the fellow's remarks and resumed my prologue in more subdued tones.

York railway station is as good a place as any to get to grips with Yorkshire and to begin drawing parallels with Texas. The Lone Star State itself could hardly surpass the trumpet voluntary with which York announces that its station is one of the largest in the United Kingdom, its up main-line platform the third largest in the country and its manual signal-box with no fewer than 295 levers easily the largest in Britain.

But another time I shall approach York by water in the hope of avoiding the know-all from Accrington. It can be done quite easily, for the Ouse is navigable for coasting vessels of about 200 tons all the way to York. The river is tidal as far as Naburn Locks a few miles below the city, but I don't know whether they have a "bore" or anything. They probably ignore it unless it's the biggest in Britain.

In spite of the drought we were able to make several trips up- and down-river by launch from the Lendal Bridge Boatyard—"Daily services past the Archbishop's Palace." In the tropical heat of a Yorkshire summer a river is a much more satisfactory thing to boat on than even the best of canals, as Mrs. U. and Miss F. (who know Bruges and Venice well) readily admitted. We took samples of Ouse at or near Skeldergate Bridge, the Mansion House and the Palace and found them to be of good quality throughout.

The trouble with York from the conscientious guide's point of view is that it compresses too much history into too small an area. I mean to say, a close but subsidiary study of the Economic and Social History of Britain 1832-1884 is not much use when you are confronted with a city which harks back to Petilius Cerealis in A.D. 71 and ignores significant dates later than Marston Moor. Anyway, I made (and make) no excuses for starting our tour at the Castle or "Folk" Museum, an attraction which was opened to the public just before the war.

It is housed in the old Female Prison (a fact which speaks volumes about present-day morals in York) and deals almost exclusively with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The centre of interest here is the life-size cobbled street of about 1800 with its shop-fronts, timbered Tudor house (lifted from Stamford and presented by Woolworths), inn-signs, coaches, etc., collected from the twelve corners of the three ridings. We walked the street in silence, letting the authentic atmosphere seep right through us, and it wasn't until we were examining the old tallow factory in another converted cell that Mrs. Upscheider wondered aloud how much it would cost "to get the whole outfit shipped over." She was only joking though.

At the Yorkshire Museum the going is not quite so easy: the collections here take you deeper into the guide-books and pronouncing dictionaries. I don't know how many

long barrowfuls of relics there are altogether, but I should be surprised if they fail to constitute some record. Did you know, by the way, that Yorkshiremen are always buried with their cricket-bats?

After parkin on points at "Ye Olde Parkin Shoppe" we made the customary promenade of the walls. . . . Proceeding (as instructed) from Bootham Bar we noticed the West and North sides of the Minster. Then we had a fine view of the Taylor's Hall and a quarter of a mile farther on a fine view of the Red Tower (fifteenth century). Crossing over the Foss and the Ouse we regained the walls at Skeldergate and noticed the spires of York. Approaching Micklegate Bar we noticed the gardens of the Nunnery, founded in 1675. . . . I cannot help it if all this sounds horribly conventional. It was hot and I was far from my period (1832-1834). As Miss Franklin put it:

*"Now is the winter of your discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York."*

However, a word or two about the bars may not be out of place—if only to prove how easy it is to avoid facetiousness at times. Micklegate Bar shows traces of Norman design in its archway and strange chalkings, which may easily be wickets, at the foot of the adjacent wall. In 1403 Harry Hotspur's grisly head leered down from these battlements: so did Lord Scrope's in 1415, and Richard's (Duke of York) in 1460. Monk Bar still has its portcullis and the machinery is intact. The figures handling bricks on the turrets are made of stone. The Bootham and

guides, perhaps, that "Visitors to York experience difficulty in finding their way owing to the narrow and winding streets"—official brochure. More than once on this trip I lost touch with Mrs. Upscheider and Miss Franklin in the tortuous maze of streets near the centre of the city. I would look about me despairingly for a few seconds, realize the hopelessness of further searching and hurry away to



"... full of interesting theories about Hutton."



"The best streets for getting lost in . . ."

Walmgate bars should not be missed . . . should they, Mrs. Upscheider?

In fact none of York's array of historical treasures should be missed; but you can't see everything when festival cricket is being played only a few miles away. It is fortunate for

make the best of a bad wicket. And later there would be a happy reunion dinner at the "White Swan," when we would exchange experiences and late editions.

The best streets for getting lost in are the Shambles and the Pavement. The Shambles is mentioned in Domesday and hasn't altered much since Elizabethan days—though the meat in its scores of butchers' shops undoubtedly has. Here we find the style of architecture that Americans travel many miles to see and buy, and it is a great pity that Britain hasn't more of it. The upper storeys of the shops in the Shambles project so far towards each other that they are practically semi-detached and their windows are so close together that clever husbands take it in turns to make early morning tea on Sundays. When Miss Franklin expressed a wish to see for herself, a most hospitable butcher led us upstairs past a roomful of York hams (or was it whale-meat?) to a bedroom full of sausages. He was a wise fellow, full of interesting theories about Hutton. We chatted amicably until Big Peter, the great eleven-ton bell in the north-west tower of the Minster, sounded the hour for getting lost.

Like Dorchester, York has suffered more than its share of misfortunes at the hands of a long line of tyrants from the Danes to the Luftwaffe. William the Conqueror was here in 1069: the Germans in 1942, when they shook the Minster, destroyed the Guildhall and plastered the railway station. But a few more ruins are not worrying York overmuch. They may even help it to cope with the new American invasion.

HOD.



"Do you know, my son would be quite wild if he knew I'd let you peep at his private sanctum."

Miss Jones Returns from Holiday.

So shee
From happie fields, or where on western Shores
The vast Atlantick rowles by castl'd Rocks
Tintagel or the land call'd *Lyonnesse*,
The Home of ancient knights, her home-ward
steps

Reluctant turn'd. By stern command she took
The virgin Parchment, patient to receive
The mystic symbols, sound in sense express'd
Of stroke and curve fantastick, yet endu'd
With hye significance. Which Labour done,
With nimble Hand, by practis'd Art enskill'd,
She touch'd the mettled engine intricate
Of Bar and Lever, who's mechanick Pen
In clear emprint the moulded Letters rang'd,
And order due, from cryptic lore transform'd
To shape accustom'd. Nor neglectfull shee,
Upon the summons tintinnabulant
To catch, with sweet attentive Ear, the sound

By magick Art and subtile Wire convey'd
Across the list'ning Ayr; or deftly turn
The number'd Diall, aptly to engage
The distant engine by her Lord decreed.
So shee (soft speaking to her nearest Mate):
"Is this the Toyl, is this the Place, the Room
That we must change for that bright *Occident*,
The haunt of *Neptune*, and the *Naiads* fair,
Or what beside of mortal men beguil'd
Our wand'ring Eyes, or joyn'd in festive Dance
Beside the foaming Wave, what time aloft
Diana through the Heavens her destin'd waye
Pursu'd unerring? Happy howres, farewell,
And blest Abodes, till punctuall *Earth* agayne
(*Hyperion's* slave) her silent Wheele revolves,
And marks the slow procession of the Yeare!"
Thus shee, despairing, lost in wishfull Woe,
Though vaine, and sweet remember'd Joye, yet sad
In sweetnes . . .



THE SECOND VICTORY

"You fought for the Commonwealth in time of war. Fight for the common weal in time of peace."

There's No Future In It.

THE Ministry of Labour and National Service's admirable "Choice of a Career" series of pamphlets makes no mention of *Spying*. Probably this is because it is only quite recently that the first authoritative work on the conditions and prospects of this profession has been published, the Report of the Royal Commission which investigated the betrayals of information about the atom bomb and other matters in Canada. This massive tome, published at Ottawa by no less a person than the Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty for one dollar, and sold by our Stationery Office for seven shillings (perhaps Mr. Dalton can explain *that* rate of exchange?), runs to 733 pages, packed with information, which no parent of children who have a hankering for the adventurous life of spying can afford to miss. Unfortunately it is only too clear that the conditions of employment, even allowing for the well-known hazards of the profession, are far from good, and the remuneration has not kept pace with the rising cost of living. In short, as they say in the R.A.F., there's no future in it!

It is true that, once in, there is little danger of subsequent unemployment in the profession. This may seem to some parents to put spying in the same class as the Civil Service, and make it essentially a *safe* occupation. The comparison is misleading. There is no retiring age for spying and there is no scheme of superannuation. Some authorities hold that no pension scheme is necessary. It is true that Colonel Zabotin, whose "cover name" was the delightfully Scottish family name of *Grant*, and who was in charge of the organizational network in Ottawa, left for his homeland in December 1945 after the disclosures to the Canadian authorities by Igor Gouzenko, the cipher clerk, and "does not appear to have returned," as the report puts it. Other versions say he died suddenly of heart trouble. It may well be that no pension scheme is necessary.

But few young people who feel attracted to this life are aware that it is by no means such a romantic job as they imagine. It does involve travelling—several of the spies mentioned in the Report met each other on the train

between Ottawa and Montreal—but sudden journeys are not always so convenient in later life as they seem when one is young. Moreover, there was a good deal of meeting on street corners, which often meant being picked up in a car owned by a higher-ranking spy, and this must have involved some tedious waiting about for the juniors. It is true the authorities displayed some consideration for the comfort of their agents, for in an official document, which came into the possession of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and which is reproduced in the Report, is the following:—

"25/8/45.

"Regular meeting, everything normal. Handed over a great amount of radio literature, about ten books in all. He informed me he goes on a two weeks' leave.

"Tasks were assigned concerning radio materials and others (see assignment No. 4).

"The meeting for the return of the material will take place on 26/8/45 at the corner of Osgoode and Cumberland at 22.00."

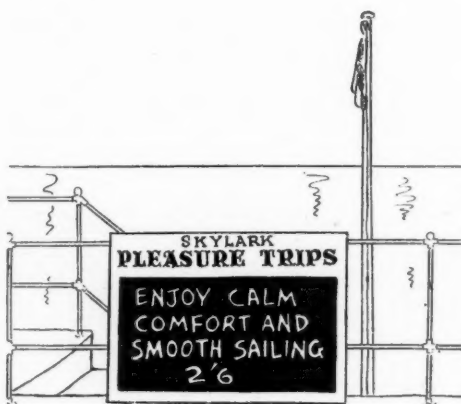
"Was a torrential downpour, but he nevertheless came. Gave instructions not to come in future in such weather; it is not natural."

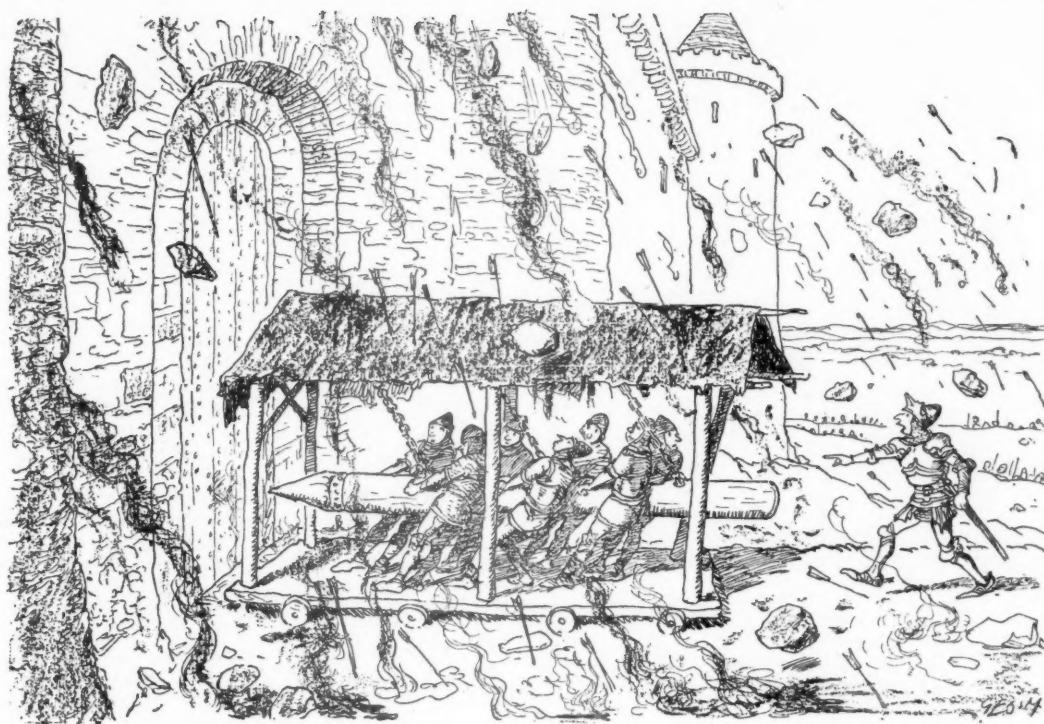
Nevertheless, street corners in the rain, even if not in a torrential downpour, soon lose their attraction.

BEFORE the spy begins to earn he must first seek *another job*, usually in the Civil Service, but a research job in the Forces or even in the laboratory of a university or private firm will sometimes be accepted. No would-be spy has any chance of being taken on until he has signed an undertaking that he has read and understands the Official Secrets Acts—not that he *has* read them or is ever likely to do so, but it is part of the Civil Service routine and it indicates to his masters that he may, just possibly, when "developed" as the Report puts it, have some conceivable value one day as a spy.

Once a Civil Servant, the aspiring spy need not imagine

DODDINGTON





"Now be careful how you use that battering ram—goodness knows when we'll get our next allocation of timber."

his days of study are behind him. His first step is to join a Study Group of four or five people who meet at night, after office hours, at a private house. They are all interested in some aspect of social service or political economy. They may be set to study books on it. He is even expected to buy many of the books. There is a further shock coming to him. After a time the leader will guide his attention to "the Party," and our young man will then find that he is expected to pay dues!

THE next phase is more encouraging. An "atmosphere of conspiracy is created," to quote the Report. He will probably be given a "cover name" or can choose one, but the initial letter may be fixed for him to denote a certain group, e.g., *Back*, *Bacon*, *Badeau* and *Bagley* in the Report which conceal the identity of D. G. Lunan, Israel Halperin, P. Durnford Smith, and Edward Mazerall. Why did Israel Halperin choose *Bacon*, one wonders? But there seems little limitation of choice. The Report quotes, to take a few random examples with the real names in brackets, *Alek* (Dr. Allan Nunn May), *Brent* (Major Rogov), *Fred* or *Debouz* (Fred Rose), *The Economist* (Krotov), *Henry* (Lieut. Gouseev), and *Prometheus* (Lieut. Shugar). He will also be introduced to such delightful words as "Mail-drop," the *Neighbours* (meaning NKVD, or secret police), and a "roof" (a legal "front" for illegal activities.) He will also begin to receive messages ending with the thrilling words "After reading, burn."

He will be given "assignments," that is to say, he will be given to understand he is expected to give information to the leader of his group on subjects set for him. He is

not yet in the money; he is expected to do this "for the Party."

Finally, the question of money will be broached in a round-about way. Probably his first payment will be "expenses," and not much at that or someone may become suspicious. After one or two such payments he will be given a sum and asked to sign a receipt for it. He will know then that he is a spy—for life! Not that he will ever get much out of it. The reader of the Report will be amazed at the small sums paid out. For instance, for the "great amount" of radio literature, about ten books in all, mentioned earlier, the records show that the next entry is: "Handed out 100 dollars." It is true of course that, by the custom of the profession, all earnings are tax free. Even for very important information on atomic research, such as that which Dr. Allan Nunn May admitted he handed over, the amounts are small. For instance, the entry in the records when the sample of Uranium 235 was handed over reads: "200 dollars Alek and 2 bottles of whisky handed over 12/4/45."

Even a top-ranking spy such as Sam Carr, national organizer of "the Party" in Canada, gets surprisingly little. A request by him for \$5000 to obtain by bribery a passport for illicit use, from the Passport Office of the Canadian Department of External Affairs, was described by "The Director" in Moscow as "a fantastic sum," and eventually \$3000 was offered!

No, it seems clear from this authoritative Report that there is no fortune to be made in spying. The picture is one of a long apprenticeship of hard work, then long hours and poor rewards. Definitely, there's no future in it!



"I'll take this one."

First Lap

"WHAT are flies for?" asked a voice from the back of the car, muffled slightly by heat and suitcases and spades and buckets.

"Nobody knows," I said. "Except as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* for birds and fishes they have no useful function and many disadvantages. It should have been perfectly simple to arrange for birds to work up their appetites on whalemeat or something that didn't buzz and jump in your eye, but somehow the matter got overlooked."

"Miss Gallehawk says everything in nature is beautiful and right, and to question it is arrogant and foolish."

"Miss Gallehawk ought to spend half her holiday looking at the mandrill at the Zoo through a magnifying-glass and the other half sitting on a wasps' nest."

"Miss Gallehawk is jolly decent. She says the life-cycle of the frog is much more wizard poetry than even Shakespeare ever wrote. She says nature's the most intelligent thing there is."

"Well, if that's so you ask her next term why nature goes on wasting such a lot of energy producing low-priority goods like alligators and mosquitos when what the world is panting for is cows and corn."

"She'll say it just depends whether you're an alligator."

"Alligators eat their young," I muttered. "To that extent they have my respect."

"How many miles have we still to go?" asked a sticky voice beside me.

"A hundred and seventy."

"How do you know?"

"It says so on the map."

"What map?"

"That map."

"I see."

"Good."

Pause.

"How long will it take us?"

"About five hours."

"Wouldn't it help if we did ninety?"

"Only for a few seconds."

"Perkins' people have a car that does ninety."

"I can see Perkins' people vividly," I said.

"What would happen if we did ninety?"

"Well, first of all there'd be a thunderstorm under the bonnet, like a runaway water-mill. That would be fifty-five. At sixty a sheet of flame would shoot out of the clock. At sixty-five the wheels would come off, and at ninety we should wake up in hard beds surrounded by perfect strangers in dust-sheets discussing us as if we were a fresh consignment of pig-iron."

"I see."

"Good."

"Jennifer Shacklock's mother's done a hundred and thirty."

I authorized a round of stickjaw, of which I had six precious bisques, but there seems to be little cement in the stuff these days.

"Do you know why it is that weasels—"

"No," I said, "and I don't want to. I've spent my life fending off idle information about carnivores and—"

"Miss Gallehawk says—"
"Let's play spotting churches," I suggested quickly. "Each church scores a point and ten points is good for one ginger beer."
"What happens if I spot a hundred and fifty churches?"
"You blow up."
"O.K. Church!"
"Where?" demanded the front seat.
"Over there, in the trees."
"Tisn't a church—it's a water-tower."
"It's much too sacred-looking for a water-tower."
"You're both wrong, it's a silo."
"What's a silo?"
"It's a thing for putting things in

you don't want on the voyage," I hissed.

"Let's play speeches," said the back seat. "You give us each a subject and each speaks for a minute and then you make an award."

"All right," I said weakly. "Take THE IMPORTANCE OF BUTTON-HOOKS IN THE MODERN WORLD. Go!"

"Button-hooks," declaimed the back seat, not pausing for breath, "have been the friends of man for so long now that their origin is lost in the kindly fogs of history. Some people think that with the coming of the zip and the way people go half-naked the button-hook should be stuck in a museum, but in fact this is very far

from the truth. The swing of the pendulum is always—"

"Stop at once!" I cried. "You're expressing yourself far too well. I've known a lot of children who expressed themselves too well, and what became of them? Politicians. By all means be a bookmaker's aide or play the piano in a milk bar, but if either of you start talking in a way calculated to daze and hypnotize the honest mass of citizens then I shall buy a birch."

"What is a birch?"

"A birch has a silver lining," I explained, "but its bark is nothing to its bite." And seeing an ice-cream filling-station coming up to starboard I made ready to moor. ERIC.

Ten Little Cherry-Trees

AMONG the many examples of compensation to be found in Nature there is one which I have always thought very important: whereas I can get about the country more easily than a tree, the tree does not mind if it gets its feet wet. This reflection, or its converse, has sometimes brought me consolation when it seemed that nothing else could; and doubtless there are times when a thinking tree will derive just as much relief from it. But this year I have been driven to doubt whether it is really true. During the April floods and their aftermath I several times found myself rooted to the ground and unable to move in my own garden without calling for help; and as for the other half of the proposition—well, let me tell my story.

I bought the cherry-trees in the autumn of 1940. There were ten of them; at least, I paid for ten, but my wife and I could never make the total more than nine (several times it was only eight), though we counted them again and again both before and after they were planted. However, we said nothing about this to the nurseryman, for we did not wish to expose to ridicule our no doubt faulty arithmetic, and anyway they fitted beautifully into the little patch of ground we had selected for them, which we called the "Cherry Orchard." I cannot now remember why. My wife and I both love cherries, and we hoped our children would not grow to like them too much.

We saw them come into leaf in the spring of 1941. Four of them bore plum-leaves, and we inquired of the nurseryman about this phenomenon, but he put it down to war-time conditions. He said that in times of

national emergency cherries often underwent these metamorphoses. After much discussion my wife and I decided that in future we would not refer to these trees as cherries at all, but as plums; and I think we were right, because they now bear plums every year and to all intents and purposes are plums.

We were driven away from home in 1941, leaving five cherry-trees to mature in our absence; we returned early in 1946, to find three awaiting us. I have an idea that my tenant's son was an ardent admirer of George Washington, but I do not think the same could be said of my tenant himself, for he professed entire ignorance of the loss. We never did discover what had happened to those two trees; but we were absolutely certain that they had gone.

In the spring of 1946 the remaining three bore an excellent crop. My children, who are all passionately fond of cherries, had three each; my wife had one; the thrushes helped themselves to fourteen hundred and seventy-three; and the blackbirds took the remaining two thousand three hundred and sixty-one.

The great gale of last October blew down a huge elm across the Cherry Orchard, but by great good fortune only one cherry and one "plum" were destroyed. The elm luckily glanced off a chimney-stack and in so doing missed the other two cherries—a deliverance for which my wife and I feel we can never be sufficiently thankful, especially as it was a chimney-stack we both greatly disliked but had not dared to remove because of the danger of smoke; until then it had not occurred to us that there can be no smoke without fire.

And now we come to the point. During the bitter spell early this year the two cherry-trees stood with their feet in ice for three weeks and in water and mud for five more. It would certainly have killed me; but they both appeared to survive this protracted ordeal admirably; the leaf arrived, the flower, the fruit. And then, believe it or not, one tree died. Its fruit withered first and then the leaves went brown; by the middle of June there was no sign of life on its shapely branches; and in the August holiday I cut it down. The other tree bore an excellent crop, of which I ate three while they were green, and my family had a handful each. The thrushes got none at all this year, but the blackbirds were reinforced by sparrows and jackdaws, and I cannot say exactly how the spoils were divided, though I know some birds went away disappointed.

"Next year we'll have a net," said my wife.

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish," I replied. "But next year there will be no cherries."

"Oh?" said my wife.

My botanical advisers had already informed me that at least two cherry-trees are needed to produce fruit; some vagary of the reproductive system, into which it would be indelicate for us to inquire too closely, has ordained that a solitary tree must remain sterile.

And sterile it shall remain, for me. I shall not uproot it, but I shall not plant a mate. I feel that Nature has spoken, and I shall not attempt to reverse her ruling. In future, when I wish to eat a pound of cherries—and the time will come as sure as God made little apples (to say nothing of cherries—and sparrows) I shall pay my five shillings for them like an honest man.

THE London Mask Theatre, which packed much good work into a brief existence from 1938-40, returns in style with Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY's *The Linden Tree*, at the Duchess. It is a serious domestic play dealing with the times we are trying to live in, and though Mr. PRIESTLEY has written more dramatically and, from the angle of character, more convincingly, he has never given us on the stage a more stimulating commentary on current ills. Is life still worth living? Of course it is, says *Professor Linden*, loving his work at a provincial university and accustomed as a historian to view human ups and downs from the big end of the telescope. If everyone will get on with his job, urges the *Professor* (a man of out-of-date integrity), there is hope; and therefore when a new stream-lined Vice-Chancellor tries to edge him out on a forgotten age-limit, he fights. Of course it is, says his son, *Rex*, a hearty hedonist cleaning up nicely in the City, provided you make lots of money and know how to spend it. Of course it is, says *Marion*, who has married a French aristocrat and is enjoying the best of the eighteenth century on the cream of the black market. Of course it is, says *Jean*, but only because Marx said so, for she is a dreary communist doctor burning with the ugliest of missionary spirits. Is it? asks *Mrs. Linden*, miserably packing her bags, to leave the *Burmanley* she has hated for nearly forty years, as a gesture to force her husband's retirement. And yes, it is, cries *Dinah*, to whom life, even if it has become a bit of a struggle, is still fun, because she is young. The curtain falls on *Dinah* and her father, erratically supported by a blitz-crazed cockney housekeeper, deserted by the others but cheerfully sticking it out. The moral is clear.

Well, you may not believe in the whirlwind revolt of so well-grooved a matron as *Mrs. Linden*. You may find *Marion* and *Jean* rather synthetic figures, not very well acted. You may even feel the *Professor* is making a fool of himself. But I think you will find his and *Dinah's* and *Mrs. Linden's*

At the Play

The Linden Tree (DUCHESS) — *Pericles* (STRATFORD)

predicaments moving and that in the larger issues they reflect Mr. PRIESTLEY has hit a number of highly interesting nails, nails which matter very much to you and me, fairly and squarely on the head, and a great deal more squarely than they seem to be hit nowadays at Westminster. Production, by Mr. MICHAEL MACOWAN, capital. The *Professor* is a fine character, beautifully taken by Sir LEWIS CASSON; Dame

Wilkins, it is a cul-de-sac, and its removal, though it makes a short evening, at least leaves a fairly continuous story. Also it enables us to forget *Pericles'* poltroonery when he abandons his subjects and dashes off on an indefinite cruise in fright at the threats of *Antiochus*—behaviour from which, it seems to me, not even a romantic hero could easily recover much stature, and no less pusillanimous than if George the Third had run away to stay with the Emperor of China because Bonaparte was sitting frowning on the beach at Boulogne.

The play is full of awkward absurdities such as the entire absence of any exchange of intelligence between neighbouring States, and none more awkward than the magic restoration of *Thaisa* after a night in a wave-washed coffin, for the scene inevitably suggests that *Cerimon* is about to invite all the small boys in the audience to mount the stage and testify that there is no deception, while the lady is sawn in half; and therefore Mr. MONCK has very justly gone out for the romance and the fantasy. The result is rather charming. Sir BARRY JACKSON's simple near-classical sets fit this mood well, *Gower's* commentary, with which Shakespeare or it may be Mr. Wilkins was too

generous, is lightened by being partly sung (marks to Mr. DUDLEY JONES), and the main burden is borne gallantly by Miss DAPHNE SLATER, much improved, as *Marina*, and Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD. Mr. SCOFIELD is a young actor so rich with promise that it will be a pity if he allows his special and individual vibrant quality of voice to become an affectation. At present it is an asset that seems in danger of being misused.

Mr. WILLIAM AVENELL makes an amusing *Simonides*, Miss IRENE SUTCLIFFE an attractive *Thaisa*, and the brothel scene is greatly enlivened by Mr. JOHN BLATCHLEY's Old Compton Street *Boult*, which defines once and for all the vexed character of a spiv.

ERIC.



[The Linden Tree]

THE CHOICE: ISABEL OR BURMANLEY

Isabel Linden DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE
Professor Robert Linden SIR LEWIS CASSON

SYBIL THORNDIKE brings immense skill and sympathy to *Mrs. Linden's* uncertainties, and *Dinah* is played with delightful freshness by Miss TILSA PAGE. Outside these three the best performances come from Miss EVERLEY GREGG, who has some grand comic lines as the housekeeper and delivers them superbly, and from Mr. JOHN DODSWORTH as the happy parasite.

Pericles might have been a better play if it had been conceived within the iron terms of a £35 travel limit, for *Pericles* himself is almost constantly at sea, tacking about the Mediterranean in melancholy fashion from one hospitable principality to another. At Stratford we are a little at sea ourselves, but less



"Resthaven? I think you will find it about the ninth aspidistra on the right."

The Distant Subscriber

THEY were quite kind to me at the hotel; the porter helped me out of the taxi and did not even smile as, bent at an obtuse angle from the hips, I preceded him up the steps. He assured me that he knew from personal experience how sharp and sudden an attack of lumbago could be. The lift would take me to my room; there was a telephone by the bed, and if I felt worse I could ring up Doctor X, whose surgery was just around the corner.

When I reached my room I did not feel worse, for no further deterioration in my condition was possible short of death. Lying in a zig-zag position on the bed, I dialled Doctor X's number. Presently a noise, something between a snarl and a bark, indicated the presence at the other end of the wire of what the Telephone Directory calls "a subscriber."

"Is that Doctor X?" I said.

"Grnhn!"

"My name is Smith. I've got a severe attack of—"

"Once and for all," said the voice,

"I will not give you a certificate for extra fats." I heard the receiver being replaced.

I waited a minute or two and dialled the number again. This time the voice was quite human, even suave. "Doctor X speaking," it said.

"I should like to make it clear at the start," I said, "that I do not want any extra fats. I have all the fats I require. Fats at the moment mean almost nothing to me. It is not in the hope of getting any kind of fats that I have telephoned you."

"I can't hear you very well," said the voice. "Is that Mrs. Harbottle?"

"No," I said, raising my voice very slightly and leaning out of bed a little to get closer to the mouthpiece. "My name is Smith. I am a stranger in this city. I am suffering from lumbago."

There was a short pause.

"If it's about your Family Allowances form, Mrs. Harbottle," said the voice, "it's ready for you if you can call at the surgery."

"L' for Leonard," I said, articulating very distinctly and speaking

with the lips close to the microphone, "U for uncle, M for Mary, B for beer, A for Archibald, G for gripe-water, O for ostrich."

"If I'm out when you call, Mrs. Harbottle," said the voice, "the maid will give it to you."

I sat up on the bed and depressed the receiver rest for approximately a minute. Then I dialled Doctor X's number. In ringing bell-like tones his voice came through to me: "Doctor X speaking."

"I want a certificate for extra fats," I said. "You needn't bother about the Family Allowances form."

"Thank goodness for that," said the doctor. "But I'll have to examine you before I can issue a certificate. Can you call at my surgery this evening?"

"I'm coming round right away," I said weakly; adding, with a brief flicker of spirit, "My name is Lumbago." Then I replaced the receiver and walked downstairs to the lobby.

I was halfway through the swing-doors before I realized that my lumbago had vanished.



"... or there's this, if madam prefers something slightly softer."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Victorians

THERE is so much information in Mr. MARK EDWARD PERUGINI's *Victorian Days and Ways* (JARROLD, 7/6) that it would be worth reading even if it were unskillfully put together, but Mr. PERUGINI has made it as interesting as it is informative. He illustrates the main strata of English society at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign from *Punch*, which classified them as the St. James's group, the Russell Square and Clapham groups, the Whitechapel group and the St. Giles's. The Great Exhibition of 1851, with its emphasis on Trade and Industry, brought the middle class into prominence, and Mr. PERUGINI designates the next two decades as the age of Podsnappery and Plush, "that era of bad taste when the only variant on ungainly solidity was its still uglier ornamentation." Life began to lighten after 1870. Meals became simpler, the less heavy wines were preferred, and the domestic tyranny of the middle decades slowly disintegrated. It had weighed most on the daughters, who owed their growing emancipation to the spread of open-air sports and games, especially boating, cycling and tennis. So far as the other sex was concerned the cult of games caused some alarm by the end of the century, but helped to correct the extravagances of the aesthetic movement, itself a reaction from Podsnappery. Mr. PERUGINI brings his immensely varied chronicle to a close with a moving account of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, at which he was present, the climax of an extraordinary age and of the most crowded reign in history.

H. K.

Urbs In Rure

Depressing evidence as to the lengths we have gone in creating a rural proletariat is the salient feature of *Housing the Country Worker* (FABER, 12/6). The book was originally planned in 1942 as a thesis. It has been re-written with a very inadequate eye on existing possibilities and still less long-term sagacity. It does, however, impart the gist of Mr. MICHAEL F. TILLEY's technical ability to deal with the defects of old cottages: such defects including features that the average cottager obstinately lists as virtues. The author's ideal is a sparsely-populated countryside of large, fully-mechanized farms supplemented by market-gardens. Some of his modern dwellings have two w.c.s, but none of them has a pig-sty. How fertility is to be maintained under such conditions is not his concern. His "rural workers" may not want to grow food. Let the gardens of new buildings be small, with supplementary allotments for the tenants who do. There is, one gathers, to be room to bottle fruit—but will there be any fruit to bottle? A "civic hall" will replace the outmoded church. And one can be quite certain that when all this has been done the "rural worker" will depart to the nearest town to obtain a full and non-stop share of the "amenities" he has been taught to regard as essential.

H. P. E.

A Policeman's Autobiography

Detective-Sergeant ALEC J. COMRYN's autobiography, *Your Policemen are Wondering* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), is an interesting blend of sometimes very pointed reflections with excellent descriptions of squalid or horrifying scenes at which the author was present in his official capacity. The book opens with a request to Mr. COMRYN from divisional headquarters to interview George Maddeley and Frank Bellamy over the larceny of some tins of condensed milk. Maddeley's home and Bellamy's are both pictured with very great skill, and their sordid misery is used to enforce the author's view that most criminals are economic casualties, ordinary men reduced to crime by circumstances. "If," says Mr. COMRYN, "there are any brilliant criminals they never fall into the hands of the police." Magistrates, as pictured by the author, are even less brilliant than criminals, their main concern being to shuffle through the business of the day with as little mental exertion as possible, appeasing such consciences as they possess by treating prison as a place where misguided persons have a chance of pulling themselves together and starting life afresh. The author writes at length of a cricket match and a spiritualist séance, but his best chapter deals with a fire in two back-to-back houses, unprovided with fire-escapes. The picture of the two trapped children is unforgettable, and is the more poignant after the account of the Christmas festivities in progress just before the fire started in a neighbouring public-house, where the author was crowned with a bowler hat some sizes too large for him.

H. K.

Artists and Customers

Of all artists the architect is most committed to the theory that the obligations of artist and customer are fifty-fifty. It would come too expensive to yield to an urge for self-expression in stone—or even concrete—without a patron. Mr. MARTIN S. BRIGGS, however, really likes patrons. He calls them *Men of Taste* (BATSFORD, 15/-) and traces their often tasteless and frequently megalomaniac careers in a series of miniature biographies from Rameses II to Ruskin. He meant to wind up with Hitler

and Mussolini. After all, the Stadium at Nuremberg and the new African towns were better value for taxation than Versailles or the Brighton Pavilion. Unluckily his publishers felt that British democracy would not stomach so gauche a tribute. In our own country the most unpopular sovereigns—from Henry III to the Prince Consort—have been the best art patrons. Our typical recluse connoisseur is of course Horace Walpole. (One regrets Beckford, who is not even mentioned.) With Ruskin we arrive at the artist-prophetic, the Eric Gill type, who contrives to educate his public while earning a modest livelihood or spending inherited capital. He, it would seem, is our best hope; so perhaps Mr. BRIGGS has done wisely in ending his witty, apposite, and well-informed book with a tribute to William Morris.

H. P. E.

Crime Passionel

In *The Devil Among the Tailors* (MACDONALD, 9/6) Mr. REARDEN CONNER starts out well, but what might have been an interesting novel is drowned in prolixity and purple. He can write with power and feeling, but he is extremely uneconomical in his methods and where the tender passions are concerned he treads on all the pedals at once. The following is a fair specimen of his approach to love: "She was holding out her arms to him now, she who was lovelier than the finest day in spring. Her golden hair was burning round her head, and her eyes were like the flowers of forget-me-nots. Her lips had the sweet touch of a rose, and in her hands he saw the white pureness of the first cherry blossoms." This floral phenomenon is a typist seen in a dying vision by Mr. Carracombe, a business man, who has previously cut the poor girl's throat because very reasonably she has declined to marry him. A good deal of the book is on this level, for the typist releases a great surge of sentimental sediment dammed up in her employer; but with his reincarnationist brother-in-law it grows much better. This strange character is a little inconclusive, because in the end we cannot decide whether he is a commercial quack or a sincere madman, but Mr. CONNER draws him cleverly and the account of his exploitation of wealthy innocents and of the grim doom to which he leads Mr. Carracombe shows humour and a lively sense of the macabre. Even here, however, the scenes of kidnapping and death are wastefully long.

E. O. D. K.

A Modern Moses

A recent addition to a valuable series of publications is *England's Green and Pleasant Land* (PENGUIN BOOKS, 1/-), by Mr. J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT, until this year editor of *The Countryman*. This book first appeared in 1925, but the author's sincerity, his love of country life and of country people, particularly cottagers, his passionate zeal for the creation of an England that is both pleasant and green, come as fresh to the mind and heart as ever. If that were not a sufficient assurance of its suitability for republication at the present time, the author has added some fifteen pages entitled "After a Quarter of a Century." What is truly delightful, at a time when the spreading of alarm and despondency has become almost an industry, is the fact that these new pages are full of thankful appreciation of improvement and of hope, for Mr. ROBERTSON SCOTT, a modern Moses, writes: "at eighty-one, I rejoice in my Pisgah view." All men and women of good-will must rejoice, too, that so great an authority sees so much to encourage us in the rural scene. Everyone who cares for the future of our land will find this book wise and stimulating; even if they do not share all the author's views. For instance, some may feel that he is a little harsh to a class

which, engaged in the most difficult task in the community, often fails to give everyone satisfaction: few of the many parsons whom he describes are really admirable; it would have been reassuring to have been shown just one flaw in his small collection of charming nonconformists. B. E. S.

John Bull's Other Islands

Much abused as we are by the Continent for our insularity, it is one of the many paradoxes of the English that nearly all of us cherish in our hearts a sort of Platonic Utopia, "an island" to symbolize that dream of strangeness and remoteness from everyday life which alone can reconcile us to the kind of life we must perforce lead. Few indeed realize this dream in the sweat of their brow; and of the few, Mr. R. M. LOCKLEY is one of the even smaller band who report to the rest of us what it is really like; as he vividly does in *I Know An Island* (HARRAP, 8/6). This report is not new; still less is it news: but to his original and warmly-acclaimed essays about life on Skokholm before the war he appends, in this volume of Harrap's Country-Lover's Library, accounts of changes on Skokholm after that island had been taken over "for security reasons" by the Admiralty; and also adds in detail to his descriptions of voyages to other islands, the Faroes, the Blasketts, Fair Isle, and Bardsey, all varied in their accurately-observed detail of bird life, each essentially the same island in the sense of being circumscribed by the changeable sea and imposing upon whoso lives upon it similar hardships even as it rewards with similar felicities. To know Mr. LOCKLEY's island is to love it; to live on it might be, this islander ventures to suppose, no such matter.

R. C. S.



"They're two inches square. That's all you need bother about, madam."



"... but then I said to myself 'Well, if YOU don't buy them and smuggle them back to England somebody else will.'"

Welfare in South India

WRITING of India in one of his *Soldiers' Stories*, Kipling remarked that "there men die swiftly, and those that survive endure many and curious things." The first proposition is, happily, not so true to-day, but the second remains. I know.

The communication from the Municipality was polite but firm. It drew my attention to the fact that I was a "lodging-house keeper," and that as such I should observe the provisions of a certain act which a benign Government had passed for the benefit of domestic servants in hotels, lodging-houses, etc.

I had not heard of the act nor had it occurred to me that my pleasant house in the hills was "a lodging-house," but as I do take in friends as "P.G.s" in

the hot weather it was not for me to question the implications of the law. Moreover the letter had hinted that unpleasant things could happen to those disregarding the act. "Joseph" was therefore summoned and ordered to assemble all the servants forthwith. "There is good news," I added. My butler beamed upon me and opined that doubtless tidings had come from England of the arrival of the hoped-for grandson—a most suitable occasion, he added, for the distribution of presents to the faithful staff. How he knew of this I haven't the faintest notion.

This erroneous view having been corrected and further attempts at cross-examination evaded (Joseph, as my butler, is always one to be "first

with the news"), he departed and soon loud shouts, mingled with conventional abuse, proclaimed that my servants were being bidden to the presence. At long last the seven men and two women who attend upon the house and its inmates assembled and waited in silence for me to address them. They bore a cheerful countenance.

"Let everyone listen," I announced, "and hear of the new Government order." At the words "Government order" smiles instantly vanished. I hastily continued: "Hereafter each one of you will in each week have one day's holiday on full pay. You must talk together and arrange amongst yourselves which day is to be given to each man or woman. Such is the order of the Government—it is also my wish."

And I smiled brightly in anticipation of manifestations of delight. There were no such manifestations.

Instead the faces before me assumed that inscrutable look which we who dwell in India know so well. No one spoke.

I therefore, in the rôle of good citizen, made a little speech in favour of the new measure, emphasizing again and again that each would have a holiday weekly with pay. And no one spoke. At last the cook broke silence. "What am I to do, sitting in my house for one day in seven?" he demanded. "And who will cook the food for the house?" The others murmured approval.

This was an easy one. The cook was assured that he would soon learn to enjoy a day at home, and as for the cooking, I would engage a substitute.

Then my audience (other than the cook) smiled, and all too late I remembered that the cook was notoriously henpecked, and that all his wife's relations lived with and on him. He, however, did not take this point, preferring to rely on other grounds.

"Oh-ho," he remarked, "so some strange cook is to come, who will doubtless tell false tales to madam, who will dismiss me and give my job to this inferior cook. Have I not served madam for seven years? What injustice is this? Why am I dismissed and some third-rate cook given my job at increased wages?"

By this time I was on the verge of tears. I am fond of Anthony and should hate to lose him. Moreover the payment of substitutes at daily rates was going to be expensive. In vain did I go over it all again, explaining, reassuring, Anthony, amid murmurs of sympathy from the others, withdrew to his kitchen, leaving me to the shocked contemplation of his colleagues. I know now what it must be to stand in a dock, convicted and awaiting sentence.

At last the waterman broke silence. "I do not want this holiday." And the others indicated vigorous assent. "But," I expostulated, "you must. Have I not told you that it is an order of Government who thinks only of your welfare?" The word "welfare" was ill-chosen. It inspired the Matey, usually a taciturn person, to burst into a tirade against the present popular administration whose total prohibition policy he regarded with disfavour. Kannan is not a teetotaler.

Joseph at this stage thought fit to intervene in the interest of relevancy. Turning to his audience he asked: "Whenever any of you has asked for leave to attend marriages, funerals, ceremonies or functions, or when a

relative is sick" (here a faint smile came from the others), "did madam ever refuse you leave?"

Everyone agreed that leave had always been given when required—and, I may add, often for obviously false reasons.

On these occasions vague deputies appear, and all goes smoothly. A weekly arrangement would necessitate inquiries as to identities which would not do at all. The line of least resistance is essential in these parts if one wishes to remain sane.

"Then," continued the butler, "let us so continue in accordance with mamool" (custom), "and let madam so inform the Government."

The meeting loudly applauded this Solomon-like pronouncement. This was all very well, but I felt bound to point out that:

(1) The Government would not believe me.

(2) That it would be said that I refused my servants leave.

(3) That I might be fined or even, I jocularly added, sent to prison.

My audience, who had hitherto observed polite restraint, now broke into a tumult of protest.

"Why should madam go to prison? For how long would she go? And to what prison? Who would feed her there? And what would happen to the servants during the years she was in prison?"

The sweeper's twelve-year-old son could bear keeping this to himself no longer and, leaving the assembly, ran proclaiming in Tamil that I was being sent to prison.

In a few minutes an assembly of some fifty or more of the dwellers in my servants' quarters—relatives, hangers-on and what-nots (I never ask questions) had poured up to the bungalow, some to my horror carrying sticks. They were, I think, disappointed not to find a party of police and a police van.

Between us, Joseph and I calmed the gathering, who finally dispersed with assurances of armed aid if and when the police came to remove me to prison. My well-meant expostulations that they should offer no violence to the police had the natural effect of confirming their view that I was expecting arrest.

Exhausted I tottered to the telephone and by good fortune found the Commissioner of the Municipality in his office. He was all sympathy after hearing my tale of woe which with such reason as was left to me I had poured into his ears. A promise to send an official to explain things to the servants was given.

The Commissioner added, "It cannot then be said that you refused their statutory holiday." In this he erred.

I was most grateful but did not leave well alone; I felt it was my due. "Why not tell them," I suggested, "that if they refuse to take this weekly holiday they are committing a criminal offence and can be sent to—" But here the patient Commissioner rang off.

The cook has not yet forgiven me. No one since that day has asked for leave, believing no doubt that the post would be permanently filled by an inefficient substitute at increased wages.

The Secretary of the local Servants' Union reported to the Municipality that I had refused to grant my servants their weekly holiday. Though encouraged by me to do so, the staff has always refused to join the Union, notwithstanding the fact (or because of it) that the butler's first wife's cousin is the treasurer.

When the District Superintendent of Police dropped in one evening for a drink and a chat before dinner, his orderly informed him that he was aware of quite a gathering in the darkness watching and waiting for the D.S.P. to depart in his car.

What would have happened had by chance my old friend given me a lift to the club?

I shall be sad to "Quit India."

Here Beginneth the First Lesson.

TWO women sit in the hotel lounge under two separate palm-trees. One of them is a dear old lady with pince-nez, boots, and a slight wheeze.

The other with feathers in her hat as high as the palm's first tired frond, is a loud, mink-coated, over-rouged, big, fat, blowsy platinum blonde. You could never tell just by looking, you will deny it when you're told, but the old lady is quite *beastly*, and the blonde has a soul of gold. My innocent child, though they teach you

to value the tree by its fruits, there's many a lamb dressed in feathers, and many a wolf in boots; many a tiger curling its claws in the sheath of a cotton glove, and many a brazen fur-trimmed bust concealing the heart of a dove!

V. G.

Are You Magnetic?

"EXCUSE me, sir—how do I strike you, speaking off-hand?"

Now I thought this a very good question, and I looked him over with some care. I had never seen a man so diffident. He stood on one foot, the other entwining an ankle, with his palms laid softly together, like a Minister addressing the T.U.C.

"You repel me," I said at last.

"I thought so," he sighed. "You don't notice any personal magnetism at all?"

"Not a trace."

His moustache flickered once or twice and then went dead.

"It's sickening," he said, swallowing hard. "For weeks I've been studying a book on how to develop a strong personality. I don't seem to make no progress at all. I was just checking up."

I clicked my tongue in sympathy.

"With your personality, I thought you might give me a few tips," he went on. "You stand out so in a crowd."

"Indeed?" I said with a pleasant laugh.

"Yes; I followed you all along Oxford Street. You pushed me off the pavement several times."

"Merely the usual give-and-take of a stroll in the West End," I assured him. "Don't let it discourage you."

"It's beautiful the way you stamp

along with your nose in the air, as if you owned the street," he observed with envy.

"Why not try something similar?" I suggested.

"I did, but I couldn't see where I was going. I kept knocking into people—there was very near a fight in Regent Street. I had to break into a trot to catch you up."

"You might have lost me altogether," I murmured.

"Ho, no. I could still see your hat jerking up and down, you being so tall, and knock-kneed too. Now a hat like yours might give me more confidence."

"I doubt it," I said. "This type of hat is extremely difficult to wear with an air. One has to hold one's head so far back."

This is due to the brim, which drops sheer over one's eyes like an eyeshade. On the other hand, its crown surges up in front to an incredible height. The whole thing is garnished with what appears to be a small piece of rope in lieu of hatband.

"It's very smart," he said. "Why, the way you wear it you look more like a drone than a spiv!"

I backed away in alarm. A careless remark like that is a serious matter nowadays, when spivs are being taken up officially and fitted into industry.

"This bowler don't suit me," he

said, taking it off. "I suppose you couldn't lend me your hat for a minute, just to see how I get on with it?"

I was about to rebuff him pretty sharply when I happened to glance along the road. I stiffened at what I saw—there was no time to lose.

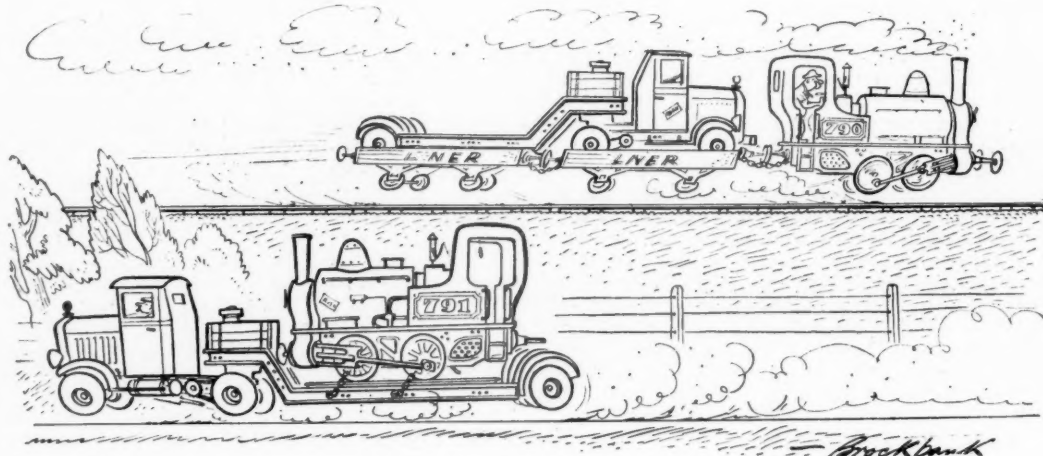
"Very well," I said quickly. "Walk to that corner in it, and we'll see how you get on."

It was only an experiment, but it turned out as I had feared. As he swaggered past the Labour Exchange in my hat two officials burst out and pounced on him. I don't think he felt anything—it was over too quickly. His feet scarcely touched the ground as they hauled him inside, hat and all.

I decided to try their reaction to the bowler. I donned it and peeped in, but all was silent.

I wanted to remind him that there are some excellent posts on the Coal Board for ambitious men, provided he was prepared to start at the bottom and work his way up, but I never saw him again. I wish him well in his new venture. He has got off to a flying start, and in my hat he cannot long remain unnoticed.

Gentleman with size 7 head and 6½ hat wishes to meet gentleman with 6½ head and 7 hat (bowler), with a view to exchange. Refs. given and required.



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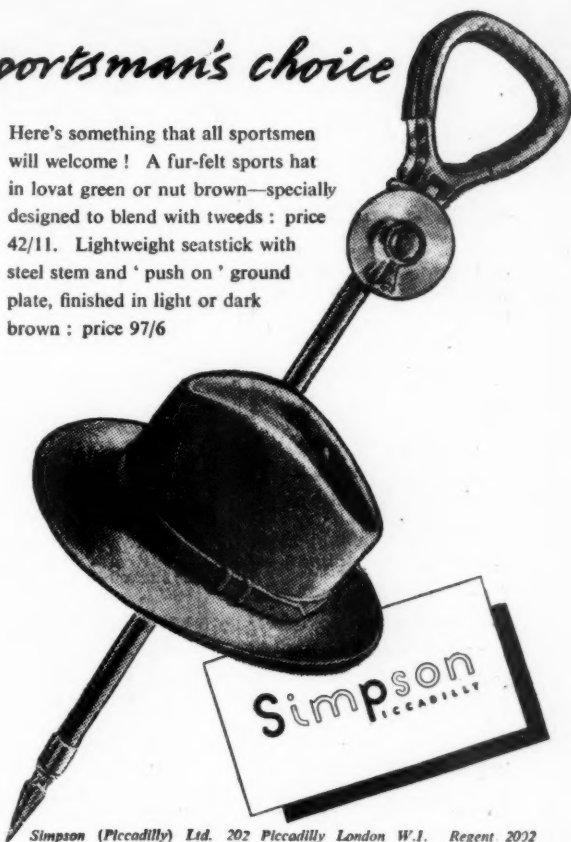
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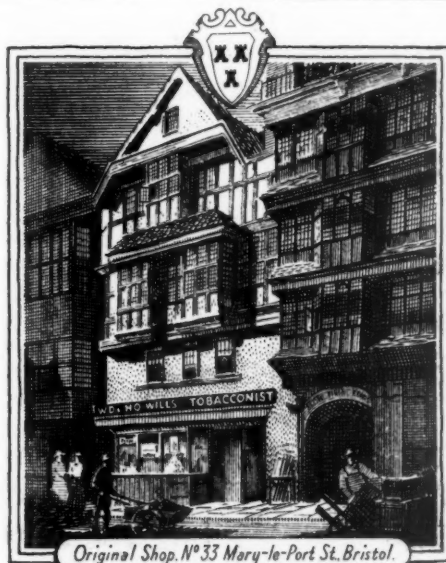
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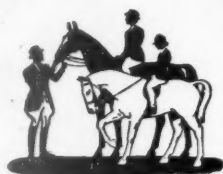
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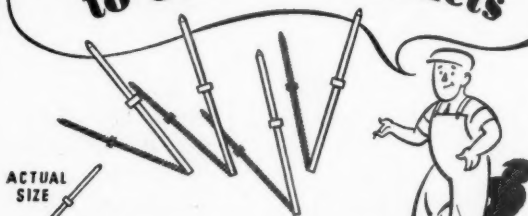
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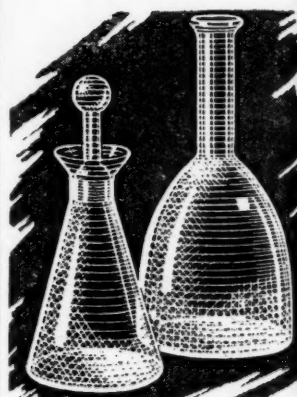
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HAMLEY BROTHERS LTD

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(OUR ONLY ADDRESS)

Still the finest toy shop in the world

GLOSDURA
shirts
REGD.

The Gloucester Shirt Co. Ltd, Gloucester

Est. 1800

A PRECIOUS JEWEL SET IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS

EROS is back . . . a magnet attracting visitors from far and wide to the heart of London's West End. And right beside Eros is another magnet which everyone finds irresistible—the delightful showrooms of Saqui & Lawrence, internationally famous jewellers for over a century. Come—you'll be enchanted with our new displays of precious jewellery and precision watches.

Two superb examples of modern jewelcraft by Saqui & Lawrence. These and many other lovely designs await your selection. Come and see them this afternoon.

Saqui & Lawrence Ltd.
Diamond Merchants • Watchmakers • Jewellers
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Other fine shops throughout London and the Provinces

The Ewbank Dainty Sweeper

NEVER WAS A BRUSH
so efficiently used as in the

Ewbank
CARPET SWEEPER

Price now £2. 19. 10, incl. tax.

Although supplies are still very limited, you'll be thankful you waited for a Ewbank!

Good!
it's
g-o-i-n-g!

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D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION
for eczema. The proved remedy for eczema, rashes and all skin troubles. Non-greasy, stops irritation, promotes rapid healing. 1/5d. per bottle.

DDL

The Viking Line to Copenhagen and beyond

DDL means Danish Air Lines, the fast, safe air route to Copenhagen with traditional Danish courtesy, comfort and service

Tickets & information: Airways Terminal, Buckingham Palace Rd., London, SW1 (VIC 2323) or from your nearest Travel Agency

WHY SOME TYRES ARE BETTER THAN OTHERS—No. 3



Life-line of a tyre

A SINGLE broken cord in the fabric of a tyre can set up friction which generates heat and shortens tyre life. That is why Henley's use the best Egyptian cotton and test it with the utmost rigour. Above, a single strand is being

mechanically unravelled to check that it has between 19½ and 20½ twists per inch as specified. A simple test, but vital—typical of the meticulous care in manufacture which is the secret of Henley's rapidly rising reputation for reliability.



Another reason why old Henty says

"HENLEY!"

—now that's a good tyre"

HENLEY'S TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED
MILTON COURT, WESTCOTT, DORKING, SURREY. Works: Gravesend, Kent



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Incorporated in U.S.A. with limited liability



PHILCO BATTERY PORTABLE

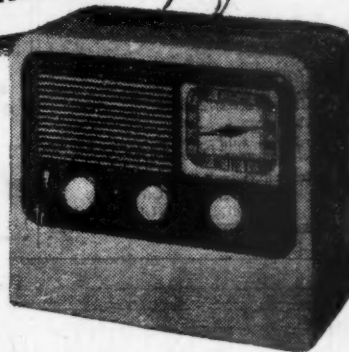
- ★ 4-valve superhet
- ★ Long and medium waves
- ★ In-built aerial
- ★ Lizard skin style finish

MODEL BP 426

£13.13.0

(Less battery and accumulator)

Purchase Tax £2.19.2



This lightweight battery portable, which measures only 12½ x 7½ x 11 inches, is designed for leisurely listening—at the seaside or the bedside, in the country or beside the garden hammock. In volume and fidelity of tone it equals many a mains set and, like all Philco productions, it is a really sound engineering job that will give good service for many years.

PHILCO RADIO AND TELEVISION CORP. OF GREAT BRITAIN LTD.

Sales Dept.: 204/206 Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1
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It Pays to Fly!

In these times of concentrated effort... of high-pressure business... the old saying that "Time is Money" rings truer than ever. The overworked director or executive with business to do in South and Central America or the West Indies will save many valuable weeks by availing himself of the speed and dependability of Air Travel for passenger or freight. If your business takes you to South America it will pay you to "Fly with the Stars".

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The tobacco of tobaccos



Ninety pipe smokers in every hundred will find Chairman just what they have sought. A fragrant, pleasant, cool tobacco that gives six hours' joyous smoking to each ounce.

It exorcises care, brings the peaceful pause, the pleasurable hour of soothing rest—there's none other like it.

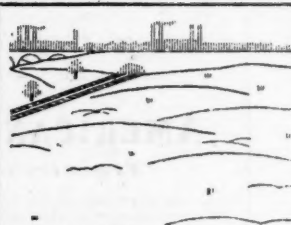


2oz. vac.

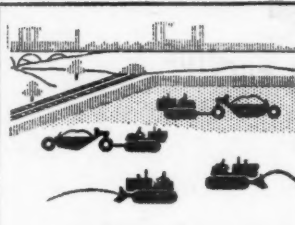
In three strengths; Chairman, medium; Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full. Each 4s. 6d. per ounce. From all tobacconists.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Chairman Sales Office: 24, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

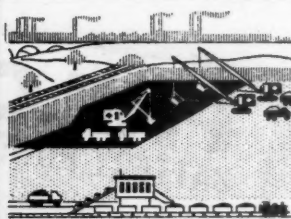
4 MEN MOVE 4,000 TONS OF EARTH IN 16 HOURS!



1 20 feet below this ground lies COAL—vitaly needed for Britain's factories.



2 4 'Caterpillar' Bulldozers and Scrapers rip off the overburden at the rate of 250 tons an hour!



3 In 3 weeks from the start of the job, 'Caterpillar'-powered excavators grab the coal from the ground.

Already open cast coal workings are making an invaluable contribution to Britain's coal production. This is just one of the many projects made possible—and economic—by 'Caterpillar' Diesel Tractors and Earthmoving Equipment provided and serviced by the Jack Olding Organization.

'Caterpillar' moves the earth—to help rebuild Britain.



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WORLD'S BIGGEST

'CATERPILLAR' DISTRIBUTORS

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"OKILL" PRESSURE GAUGE

Regd. (or INDICATOR)

for measuring the magnitude of rapidly pulsating pressures in Cylinders, Pumps, Fuel Injection Pumps and I.C. Engines. Ask for Literature.

GEORGE TAYLOR (Brass Founders) Ltd., HOLTON, Eng.



Indigestion? Ah, Yes!

— YOU WANT



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CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING
WIRE NETTING

JOINERY & WOODWORKING
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Boulton & Paul Limited

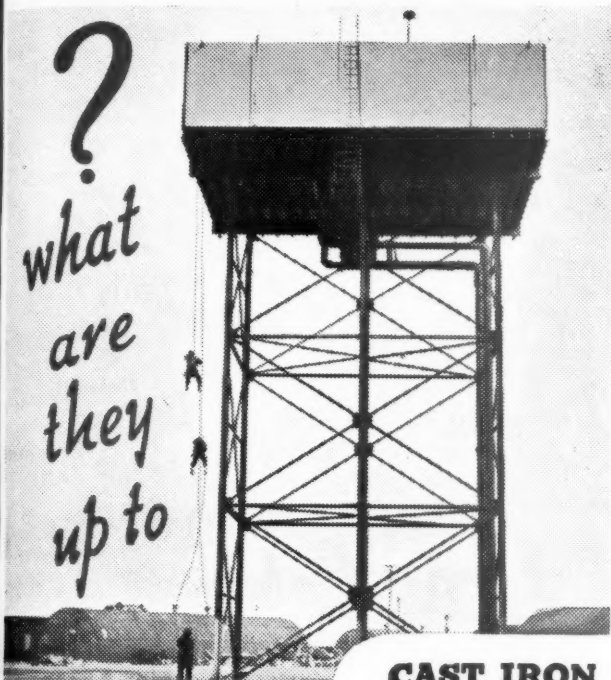
NORWICH

London Office: 14 Stanhope Gate, W.1.

Phone: Grosvenor 4521

Whether every sp enquiry This has

THE ATTE



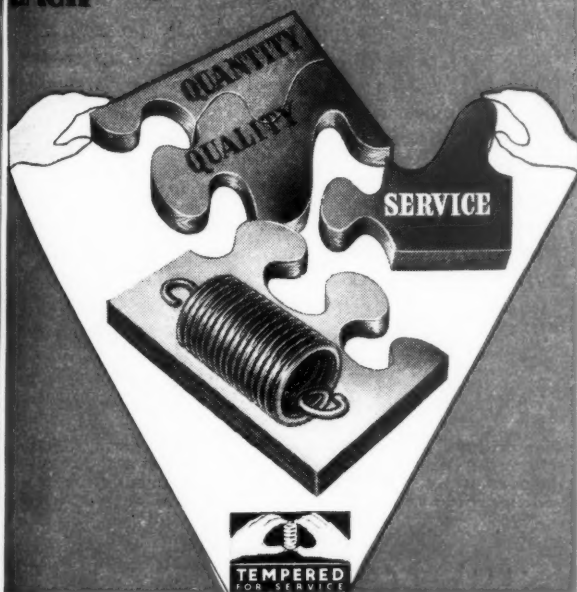
?
what
are
they
up to

CAST IRON Storage Tanks

The men suspended from the top of this structure are engaged on painting operations on an 80,000 gallon tank constructed of standardised cast iron plates and supported on a 60 ft. structure at an aerodrome "Somewhere in England."

MATHER & PLATT LTD. MANCHESTER 10.

EACH a part of the whole . . .



Whether your order is for hundreds or tens of thousands, every spring conforms in quality and performance, and every enquiry or order claims the same service and attention. This has been our policy for over 50 years of specialisation.

THE TEMPERED SPRING CO. LTD.
ATTERCLIFFE ROAD, SHEFFIELD 4



You can
mould me to
your will. but I
am set in
my ways . . .

WHAT AM I?

I am Beetle Moulding Powder.

In a hot mould, under pressure, you can form me to the shape of the mould. By repeating the process you can reproduce thousands of identical articles in white or black and in the gayest or most subdued shades. I'm set in my ways because I'm a thermo-setting plastic. Once hardened by heat, I become a chemically reformed character, insoluble, infusible, unfading, unchangeable. Once set I cannot be upset. Although I am being produced in much larger quantities than before the War, the supply of raw materials for my manufacture has not yet caught up with the ever-growing demands made upon me. This means that as essential needs must be met first, the shortage of such desirable things as lampshades, picnic ware and bottle caps of Beetle, to name but a few, will continue for a time.

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD



1 ARGYLL STREET · LONDON · W 1

DISPENSING WITH AN INDISPENSABLE CHAIR

The chair illustrated has plastic slats; a similar one with canvas seat and back can also be supplied. Floor area occupied by stack of 15 chairs is under 4 sq. ft.

For the time being, supplies are, unfortunately, not enough to allow all demands to be met.

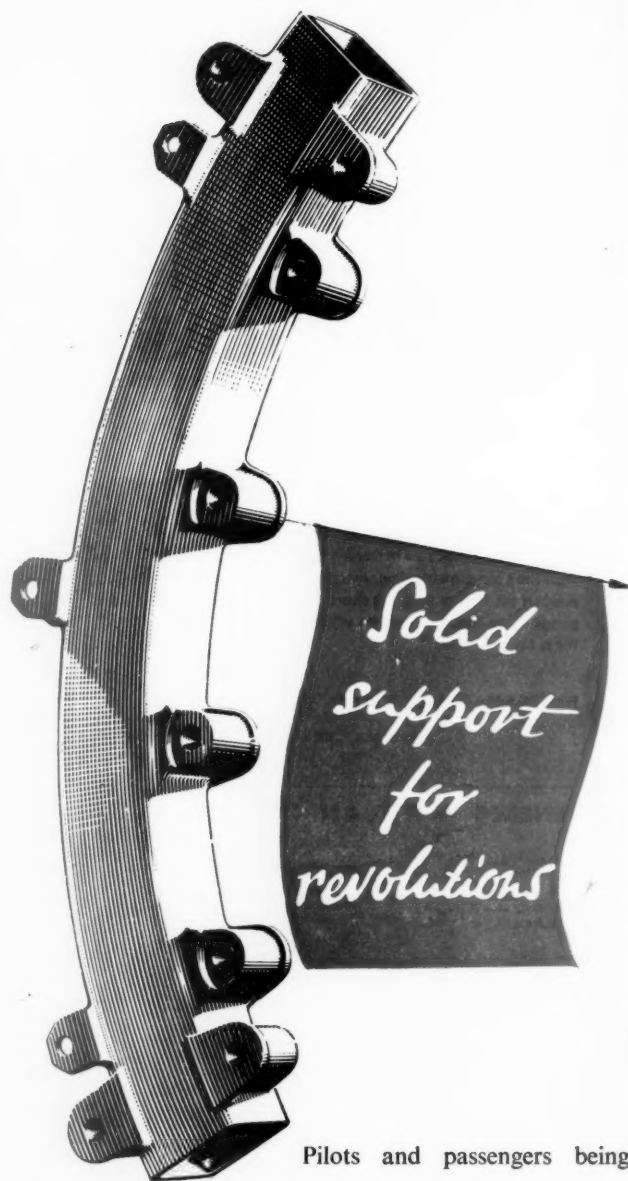


A  PRODUCT

Whether it's two hundred people who want to sit and listen, or two hundred who want plenty of room to move, Pel Nesting Chairs adapt themselves easily to the situation. The difference between nesting snugly in a corner or all out for a comfortable sitting is only a matter of minutes.

PEL LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM
London Office: 15 Henrietta Place, W.1 Tel: Welbeck 1874





Pilots and passengers being unanimously in favour of having engines firmly attached to aeroplanes, the designers came to Accles & Pollock for an engine-mounting ring to give strong tubular support. It was a particularly difficult job of tube manipulation, but Accles & Pollock (still firmly attached to precise standards) supplied it with their usual precision.

ACCLES & POLLOCK
A  COMPANY · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM

Makers and manipulators of seamless tubes in stainless and other steels.

T.B.W.



... in excellent condition

in spite of $4\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Arctic and six hot Montreal summers.

A Barneys Echo
from the
British - Canadian Arctic Expedition
of 1936-1941.

25th Nov. '46

"I did not leave the Arctic until 1941 . . . I believe, however, that while I was in the North, I wrote to say how much all the members of the Expedition had enjoyed your Tobacco and how well it retained its quality even after the Tins had been soaked for some time in sea water . . . A short while ago I went through some boxes containing Expedition Effects (returned from Baffin Island) that had been stored in Montreal since 1941. In one of them were a few tins of Barneys supplied to us in 1936. In spite of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Arctic and six hot Montreal summers, it appears to be in excellent condition and I thought you might like to sample the two tins I am sending to you.

"Yours faithfully,
T. H. Manning, Leader."

The original letter can be inspected on request. Those returned Tins opened out in perfect condition. Actually Barneys, in its "Everfresh" Packing, invariably matures and improves with keeping in the manner of good wine.

TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full). 4/1d. oz.

(295) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-on-Tyne